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In The Ancient Tomb Of Menna The Scribe

Menna From His Shelter Watches the Harvest. A Lesser Scribe, Palette in Hand, Hurries Up the Reapers, Some of Whom Are Taking It Easy. A Peasant Drinks From a Jar, a Woman Gleaner Watches Him, a Shapely Nude Girl Bends Over With More Grace Than Effort, in the Background, Under an Acacia Tree, a Baby Reaches Up to His Mother's Hair While She Eats Fruit.

These Gorgeous Girls Are Daughters of Menna, the Man Who Made a Fortune in Wheat, as the Top Panel Shows. They Are Priestesses of Amun, Offering the Morning Sacrifice to the Gods With a Religious Song and Dance. The Lotus Blooms, Fruits and Papyrus Stems They Are Carrying Attest to Their Piety.

Here Come Presents to Pharaoh From a Royal Scribe, Carried by a Servant. The Rabbit Is Not an Easter Bunny but Comes From the Desert, and the Eggs Are Not Easter Eggs That the Rabbit Laid but Ostrich Eggs Covered With Feathers.

A PROSPEROUS man was Menna the scribe, and his place in life is affirmed by his place of rest.

It has proven to be one of the most important of the rich tombs now being explored by archaeologists in the ancient Egyptian city of Thebes. The style of the painting serves to date it to the reign of Tuthmosis IV, from 1420 to 1411 B. C. Its pictorial treasures are only now being revealed in careful copies by Nina M. Davies, published with the financial help of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Antiquarians view the paintings, some of which appear on this page, and which have now been reproduced for the first time by the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, as outstanding examples of ancient fresco work.

How detailed the Egyptian artist was expected to be can be seen from the harvesting scene at the top, from the tomb of Menna. At the left of the panel, Menna is seated under a papyrus reed shelter. His folding chair is covered with an ox-skin that is complete to the hanging tail. Refreshments and a napkin are served by a slave.

Menna's "waiter" has his back to a big sycamore tree bearing bunches of red and black figs. For the most part, Egyptian paintings of trees are representations of the sycamore, with heart shaped leaves.

In some of the trees, tiny birds' nests are visible with eggs in them. But in one, nestlings clamor for food which a mother is fetching. One bird in flight looks like a raven; the rest seem to be pigeons.

A lesser scribe, palette in his hand to record the amount of the harvest, is motioning to the reapers to work faster. But in spite of his urgings and of Menna's watchful eye, there appears to be plenty of dallying. Thus, a peasant is taking a drink from a jar, and a woman gleaner turns to him, perhaps relaying some spicy gossip. Beyond her a shapely lass is nude but for a girdle of beads as she bends down to pick corn in a leisurely manner.

In the background, a farm woman sits on a stool in the shade of an acacia tree. She is eating fruit from a bowl. She has taken off her dress and is using it as a cradle for her baby who reaches up to pull her hair.

Menna's tomb shows not just his business hours but also takes one into the bosom of his family life. The charming "chorus girls" in the next picture are "female singers of Amun," according to a wall inscription. But they are believed to represent his daughters, and the huge gold earrings, fancy necklaces, and six bracelets apiece that they are wearing are signs of their high station in life. In making a morning sacrifice to the gods, the first one holds a sistrum, or tinkling musical instrument, which symbolized the goddess Hathor and was used by all priestesses. Her other hand holds lotus flowers with coiled stems and also a descending vine-trail.

The second girl likewise holds a vine-trail of fruit and leaves, but carries her lotus blooms aloft. The third girl, in addition to flowering papyrus stems, bears a fancy bunch of pomegranates and grapes in a kind of bouquet trimmed with lotus at the bottom.

During the same reign of Tuthmosis IV, another tomb was built for Haremhab, another scribe. The animal picture on this page shows a recently found fresco of an offering bearer bringing gifts from Haremhab to Pharaoh. A desert rabbit and also a dish with ostrich eggs and feathers are shown. The ibex, with its curved horns, accents the curved lines of the entire picture and helps to achieve a good-natured suggestion of bounty.

Exile For The Sly Hunchback Of Monte Carlo

AT Monte Carlo's spinning gambling wheels, one guess is about as good as another as to which number will win. But superstition has it that any hunch will be more likely to win if the player can first touch a hunchback.

It isn't clear just where this strange notion originated. Of course, hunchbacks and dwarfs have a long tradition as court favorites, particularly in France, under bygone kings. Valued for their quick wit and often employed as court jesters, they became the source of epigrams, proverbs and superstitions—many probably invented by themselves.

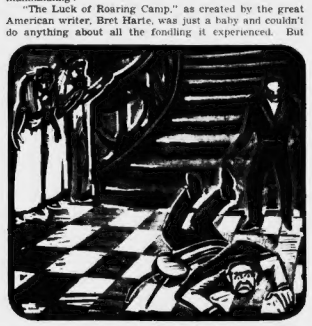
It was no doubt in bitterness that some hunchback once said that every hunchback sees only the deformity of another, to suggest that if the royal set could see itself it might be less amused at the sight of a cripple.

And it was probably with an eye to their own prestige that hunchbacks worked up the legend that they brought luck to anybody who touched them. The superstition caught on because unusual powers are often attributed to persons who are different from the rest. Just as the American Indian believed an insane man had a special dispensation from the gods of Nature, so some gamblers have come to be convinced that a hunchback is worth his weight in gold.

All of which was quite convenient for M. Andre Peligneon, long known as "the luck of Monte Carlo." A familiar figure at the Casino tables, he never played at them himself. He just stood around and wandered from one gambling room to another, "bringing luck" to players who believed in his efficacy as a mascot.

The actual touching has come to be more or less of a ritual with many of the players: some would use the index finger, others would actually caress the back. Why, it might well be asked, did M. Peligneon stand for all this manhandling?

"The Luck of Roaring Camp," as created by the great American writer, Bret Harte, was just a baby and couldn't do anything about all the fondling it experienced. But



M. Peligneon Sprawled at the Foot of the Stairs—and There, on the Floor, Was the "Hunch" That So Many Patrons of the Casino Had Touched for Luck.

M. Peligneon was a grown man and could walk out if he chose. Instead, he preferred to stay, and the reason, of course, is that unlike the gold miners of Roaring Camp, his patrons paid him real money and didn't only promise to pay if they "struck it rich."

Often Peligneon was given large sums just for seeming to have caused a big winning, but in addition he accumulated thousands of small tips, for he allowed anybody to touch him, even perfect strangers, and the custom was to reimburse him for his permission. It was these small tips, it is believed, that brought him his greatest sums in the long run.

M. Peligneon is to be seen no more at the Monte Carlo Casino. He may have brought luck to others, but something altogether unlucky happened to him recently—he fell downstairs in the main hall of the Casino.

Rescuers rushed to help him up but their helpfulness was unwelcome. M. Peligneon tried to get to his feet and make a quick escape, but it was too late. His face was crimson with shame.

For there was his renowned "hunch" lying on the floor. It had come off his back in the force of the fall and rolled away. The hump was made of wood. It had been fastened on Peligneon's back by means of fine tape, which had broken.

When the gamblers realized how they had been fooled, they complained to the management. M. Peligneon was arraigned before his accusers, but witnesses attested that he was guilty of no real crime. True, he had pretended to be something he was not, but he never once said in so many words that he was a hunchback, and had never asked anybody to pay him for touching his back. The shrewd M. Peligneon pleaded that if gamblers were so foolish as to touch his back and pay him for it, that was their fault, and who could prove that his wooden hump was not just as lucky as a real one? The authorities, however, found him guilty of being a public nuisance and a fraud, and he was banished from the Principality of Monaco where he had become such a familiar figure.

Where the self-made hunchback went when the police put him on the train and saw him across the border the officials of the world-famous Casino don't know. And they don't particularly care. They did, however, go to the trouble to warn the operators of gambling establishments in other European resorts to keep their eyes peeled for a cripple who may try to cash in on an ancient superstition.

After the exposure of the self-made "cripple" there were reports that the managers of every gambling resort in Europe checked up on hunchbacks that hover about their gaming tables, by physical examination. It is said that a dozen or more distorted victims of curvature of the spine were rounded up and inspected, and that every one of them had a legitimate deformity.

M. Peligneon was chatty with the police who sent him into exile and blamed himself more than the heads of the Casino for the difficulties he finds himself in, after many years of pleasant and profitable existence on the Riviera.

"If I hadn't been so awkward," he sighed, "I wouldn't have fallen down stairs. Patrons would have gone on believing in an old legend. The management would have profited by my presence and I would be a much happier man than I am at the moment."

Found Romance Because He Filled His Prison Cell With Music

IT'S a familiar piece of medieval romance in which the wandering troubador goes in search of his lady-fair imprisoned in some lonely tower. A modern "serenade" that reversed the convention has just been reported from Szeged, Hungary, where the "troubador" was also the prisoner, and the girl who listened with throbbing heart was the one who stood beneath his barred window.

She listened to his sad music not just through one song, or a day of playing, but all her life. The day she was born, had Rose Szenicsan been able to figure it out, she was hearing the impassioned music of a violinist in the prison across the street. Like the song of a caged bird, the convict's music was almost heart-breaking.

It was nursery music for Rose from babyhood. Curiously enough, although it pervaded her being, she was not influenced by its sorrowful tone but only felt compassion for its creator. When she asked her mother about the barred building from which the music came, she was punished and told not to have any concern for the house across the way—it was a place where very bad men were put away, she was told. But Rose couldn't understand how anybody who played so soulfully could be bad.

She never spoke about it at home any more, but at twilight she would stand underneath the prison wall and listen and little by little she came to know and to love the man who played, just by studying his music. She wanted, more than anything else, to make him happy.

The Girl Was Told by Her Mother That the Building With the Barred Windows Was a Place Where Bad Men Were Put Away. But Rose, Listening to the Music, Knew the Man Who Made It Couldn't Be Evil.

Her doubts about his "badness" seemed to have been justified, too. For Rose investigated and found out that the violinist was an aristocrat—a political prisoner named Tibor Sztanykovszky, who was jailed as a result of post-war intrigue. He had had a hand in the assassination of Hungary's wartime Prime Minister, Count Stephan Tisza.

Sztanykovszky had been an officer in the army during the war. For four years he had watched his countrymen slaughtered, and on his return from the front he was filled with disillusionment and bitterness. The young man, then only 22 years old, had like many others been convinced that Count Tisza was responsible for the outbreak of the war. Public opinion was against the Count, the nation was disintegrating, and revolution was imminent.

Only after Tisza's death did examination of secret documents show that he had been innocent of aggravating the war, and had opposed the ultimatum to Serbia from the beginning. But Sztanykovszky and his friends knew nothing of this, and regarded themselves as servants of mankind, just as Brutus did when he stabbed Caesar.

The man who actually killed Tisza was named Dobo; but Sztanykovszky was sentenced to death also, having in addition left the army without leave before the end of the war. His sentence was commuted to life imprisonment and, because the military prisons were crowded, he was transferred to the Csillag jail near Szeged.

Three days after he arrived, a daughter was born to the Szenicsans, who lived across the street. The daughter was Rose, who through the years fell in love with the anonymous musician.

At the age of 13, when most of her schoolgirl friends were hero-worshiping screen stars, or had a "crush" on boys of their own age, Rose stayed faithful to her invisible serenader. She longed to talk to him, but there seemed no way of managing it.

Then, as if in answer to the maiden's prayer, a wonderful thing happened. She found out that the prisoner had relatives living in Szeged. She maneuvred her social life until she met them at a party one day and made friends with Sztanykovsky's younger sister.

For a moment it looked as if all her high hopes were to end in despair. Sztanykovszky had married a few months before he was arrested. To her delight, however, Rose learned that his wife was so shocked at his disgrace and imprisonment that she promptly divorced him and never once visited him in prison.

The next time Sztanykovszky's relatives went to see him in jail, Rose was along. It was her first look at him—yet she was not disappointed. It was just as if she had known him all her life. She was 14 years old at the time, enthusiastic, eager, just an idealistic schoolchild. He was a gray-haired, suffering man of 38, stooped in the shoulders and with a strange, sad smile in his eyes.

Still the curious May-December romance found no setback in their first meeting. The violinist found the girl dressed in her very best clothes and with her spontaneous manner, an interesting talker. She was not reserved and stiff-mannered with him. Instead she was astonishingly friendly and at ease. Only later did he find out that he and this pretty child had been neighbors all of her life. That evening Rose heard a new note in his music—there was a lilt in it she had never noticed before. His violin sang.

The man who had been too impetuous in his youth began to take a new interest in life. He had considered himself a failure. Now he began to believe that he could start all over again, with a girl like Rose.

Richer and happier became his music under the increasing visits from Rose. He did not have to tell her how he felt. His music expressed it to her every day. She had imparted to him her joy of living.

Then came the happy day that the ex-officer's sentence was cut to 18 years—of which he had already served 14. Only four more years until he would be free! Rose promised to wait for him—and she did.

The other day the tall, thin man stood before the governor of the prison.

"You are free," he was told, "your term has expired today."

Free to marry the girl who wasn't even born when he first entered jail 18 years ago.

Outside the prison gates the girl was waiting. As soon as he came down the steps of the prison, she flew into his arms. It was the first time they had kissed without bars between them. Next day they were married.

And now his violin—that won him a wife—also has found him a job. He plays the instrument in a cafe in Szeged—and he refuses to play anything but happy songs.

Crashed Into A Board Fence, And A Career

THOUSANDS of people have thrilled to the daring of "Motorcycle Bill" Townsend who, in his spare time, goes around the country crashing through board fences two inches thick.

Most of them know that when he isn't risking his neck at fair grounds and amusement parks, he runs a filling station in Topsham, Maine. They are aware, too, that he rides a powerful machine and steps it up to a speed of 70 miles an hour in order, as he puts it, to go through a two-inch fence "with safety."

What the spectators of Motorcycle Bill's act don't know is that he got the inspiration for his dangerous career six or seven years ago when a motorcycle he was riding ran wild. The machine, traveling at a dizzy speed, left the road and tore through a field. It headed for a stout board fence.

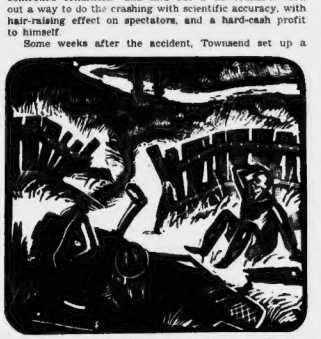
Townsend shut his eyes, hung onto the handlebars and, as well as he could under the circumstances, prepared himself for a sudden and violent trip to Kingdom Come. There was a loud report, like the discharge of a cannon, a shower of splintered wood and a wild dash up a steep bank.

Townsend came out of a daze and found himself sitting up in the tall grass a quarter of a mile from the road. His battered machine, its motor still running, was lying on its side nearby. He tried moving his arms and legs. They worked. He rubbed a trembling hand over his face. No blood. No bumps. Except for a few minor scratches he was all right.

Somewhat in the manner of Newton, who suddenly discovered the law of gravity when an apple dropped from a tree and bounced off his scholarly head, Townsend came out of his experience with a bright idea. Anyhow it seemed bright to him.

He would do some more fence busting—under more controlled conditions—and find out if he couldn't work out a way to do the crashing with scientific accuracy, with hair-raising effect on spectators, and a hard-cash profit to himself.

Some weeks after the accident, Townsend set up a



Townsend, in a Daze, Found Himself Sitting in the Tall Grass. His Battered Motorcycle, Its Engine Still Running, Was Lying on the Ground Beside Him.

barrier of soft pine, stoutly braced to hold it erect. Dressed in sweaters, heavy leather gloves and a helmet he mounted his repaired motorcycle and headed for the barrier. He later admitted that he was more scared than on his first unwilling fling at fence busting. At a mile a minute he struck the wooden wall. It seemed to explode around him.

He was stunned, but not badly hurt.

This was the first of many practice crashes Townsend experimented with several different barriers, tried hitting them at varying speds, evolved an outfit that furnished the maximum or protection. By dangerous and painful experience he found that he needed a fence two inches thick, a motorcycle stripped of all useless accessories, a speed of at least 70 miles an hour at the instant of impact.

Then he dubbed himself Motorcycle Bill instead of the more staid F. Clark Townsend and sold himself and his act to the promoters of the annual Fair at Yarmouth, a few miles from his home. That was in 1932. He was the hit of the fair and has made a part-time career of fence smashing since then.

Practice gradually has brought "Motorcycle Bill's" spectacular rides down to an exact science. First he strips his machine of all accessories. Lights, horn, even the mudguards, come off. He uses a high-compression stock model, the handlebars are reinforced by a cross-bar to keep them from folding up. These are wrapped with large rolls of tape in front of his hands for protection.

The tires are inflated to 50 pounds, but the crash usually flattens the front one to the rim, with the result that new tires are needed after 16 or 18 crashes. The suit that Bill now wears is practically armor, with plenty of padding around his arms and shoulders.

He wears not one helmet, but two, and in addition uses shatter-proof goggles. On top of the outside helmet is a big rubber sponge for a shock absorber. Heavy shoes and puttees with leather protectors guard his legs.

His hands are a special problem. He has never been able to find anything that will absolutely guard them. The best he can manage is a pair of mittens covered with rubber sponges and over-coated with sole leather mittens. Under his double-thick jacket he wears a heavy woolen sweater. Just before he starts, his neck is tightly strapped with adhesive tape.

Generally he lies down on the gas tank of his motorcycle and takes a last look at the target, before he "gives her the gun." The seat is anchored solidly to the frame to prevent bouncing. The average half-mile race track is about right for the stunt.

The fence is two inches thick, six feet square, and made of soft wood. First two uprights are sunk into the ground. At the top is a cross piece. This framework covered with boards, running up and down. A thinner wall, curiously enough, would be more dangerous because it splinters too easily.

Townsend says his head and shoulders always get a severe shock and nearly always he is knocked out. For a period varying from several minutes to 24 hours, his hands are paralyzed while his shins are usually barked and bruised. "However," he adds, "two hours after my crash, I nearly always regain my appetite and am relaxed enough to sleep."

Except for a few cuts, he has never received any serious injury.

More "Magnetism" In Cows And Horses Than In People

BEING told that even the old gray mare had more magnetism than he, might seem like a slap in the face to the fellow who prides himself on his "magnetic personality." Yet, while the personality boy might be flabbergasted, science says that some animals really are more magnetic than humans, at least so far as blood magnetism is concerned.

Every red corpuscle of the blood carries a tiny load of iron in the form of hemoglobin or red coloring matter and turns out to have a special kind of magnetism. Since blood of all higher animals is similar, such magnetism is no special gift to man alone but is shared even by the beasts of the field.

So a new kind of contest was on at the California Institute of Technology recently, when Mr. Donald S. Taylor and Mr. Charles D. Coryell, using delicate instruments devised to measure the magnetism in a sample of blood, made comparisons of horse blood and human blood. They found that "Old Dobbin" was this particular race by having distinctly more magnetic blood than that of his human master. More than that, it turns out that even the most docile old brindle-faced cow or the stupidest sheep would be ahead of any belle of a society ball on this magnetism score.

To the experimenters, finding that dwellers in the pasture have more magnetism in their veins than occupants of the farmhouse is no great shock, but is just another step in an investigation. What scientists now are trying to find out is just what is the importance of these magnetic body cells?

Some folks may think that science is trying to track down the mysterious thing called "magnetic personality"—a familiar term usually applied to individuals with unusual ability to attract and influence people. This is not the case.

Many able psychologists believe that instant attractions or repulsions between two strangers probably are the result of each individual seeing in the other a resemblance to someone else previously known and either much detested or much admired. Perhaps neither person realizes that this is the case, but the subconscious mind, always busy at something, has caught a glimpse of the vinegary visage of Aunt Samantha, the jovial countenance of Uncle Ike or has sensed a resemblance to some other familiar friend or foe.

The "go-getter" who sells a lot of goods, or rules the roost without seeming to do so, probably is just as fortunate in having many of the attributes that are liked by most everyone and few of those that are disliked.

But, although scientists agree that the cow or horse magnetism being studied in the laboratories at Pasadena is an entirely different thing from any "personal magnetism," they are deeply interested in what these magnetic properties of body cells mean to medicine and to a better understanding of evolution.

Tests made on yeast cells, which also are magnetic, show that these cells lose their magnetism when they die. It seems possible that human vitality might be determined by the amount of what scientists call "magnetic susceptibility" in the body cells. Tests of the blood magnetism may offer a simple method of determining the amount of hemoglobin in the blood and whether a person needs more iron or other "building up."

According to a French investigator, M. R. Jonnard, low blood magnetism seems to go with certain diseases. Testing hospital patients who were suffering from cancer, M. Jonnard found that all of them had low magnetic properties in their blood. Later tests on similar patients who apparently had recovered after removal of the cancer by surgical operations showed that the blood magnetism again was higher. While M. Jonnard does not claim that his test is ready for practical use in cancer diagnosis, experiments seem to be both justified and promising.

For the theory of evolution, tests of blood magnetism of different animal species, including apes and monkeys as well as sheep, horses or cows, may throw new light on the development of Man and on the relationships of different animals to each other.

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Pop! Pop! Pop!—And His Champagne Honeymoon Went—Boom!

Interior Decorator Colwell's Wealthy Bride (Shock-Absorber Inventor's Ex) Thought Love Could Float on Bubbles, He Says—But His Own Interior Couldn't Absorb the Liquid Source of Them

Mrs. Marion Hassler Colwell, Who Had a Very Bumpy Marriage With the Wealthy Shock-Absorber Inventor, Robert H. Hassler.

Mr. Colwell Fled to the Hospital in Order to Get Away From the Champagne Diet, Back to His Favorite Dish of Broken Crackers and Milk, but When Mrs. Colwell Followed Him, He Says, Bringing More Champagne, He Grabbed His Clothes and Ran.

Robert H. Hassler, Who Made Millions With a Device to Take the Shocks Out of Automobile Riding, but Couldn't Keep Them Out of His Marriage.

POP! It was the merry sound of a cork shooting out of a champagne bottle, but Mr. Laurence J. Colwell, resting peacefully in the Doctors' Hospital, New York City, leaped out of bed like a shell-shocked war veteran.

Taking one look at his wife, Marion, with the bottle in her hand, he made up his mind to escape and, seizing the first opportunity, he grabbed his clothes, ran down ten flights of stairs to the street, hailed a taxi and never stopped going until he had hidden on a remote farm upstate, far from the terrible popping of champagne corks.

So ended the month-old marriage of the interior decorator and the ex-wife of the shock-absorber inventor. It had been such a shocking experience for Mr. Colwell, the decorator, that he says that now, months later, he is just beginning to sit up and take a little nourishment in the form of milk and broken crackers, which, oddly enough, is one of his favorite dishes.

Mrs. Marion Colwell feels sort of let down about the whole thing, too. She had had a rather bumpy time of it as the wife of Robert H. Hassler, famous shock-absorber inventor, and was looking forward to smooth and easy matrimonial touring with Mr. Colwell. Twice-married and twice-divorced from Hassler, she probably figured that lubrication was as necessary for matrimony as for automobiles. And of course there is no social lubricant on the market quite as good as champagne.

Things started out smoothly enough. Shortly after her second and last divorce from Mr. Hassler, Mr. Colwell arrived on the scene to decorate the divorcee's elaborate penthouse apartment. So in harmony were their tastes about furniture that it seemed they could not be far apart in anything. In the circumstances, marriage seemed a perfectly reasonable development. So last February the happy lovers flew down to Miami and swore to look after each other in sickness and in health. Champagne entered the picture that very night in the guise of a festive friend, not the villain it was destined to be.

Scarcely two weeks had gone by before the groom was called upon to live up to his marital oath. He says that after the champagne had continued to flow at the rate of $2,000 a week, it not only lubricated things as the bride had hoped, it over-lubricated them to such an extent that she had to be remitted to the Blythewood Sanitarium for $840.00 worth of repairs. True to his vow, her husband went with her and remained one day. As soon as she recovered, they resumed the champagne living where they had left off and presently the interior decorator collapsed and had to be taken away for repairs.

So it went, until he made that mad dash down the hospital stairs to sanctuary, peace and broken crackers and milk. Marion, who had loyally followed him to the hospital, bringing a few bottles along, decided that this was the end. The thing that annoyed her most was that while she had let him interior-decorate her apartment as much as he liked, he should have been so stuffy about letting her decorate his interior with a little champagne. But Mr. Colwell thinks that an apartment and a man's own alimentary canal are two different things entirely, a point which he brought out with a good deal of pathos in an exclusive interview with The American Weekly.

"Immediately after we were married," he said, "we returned to New York and took a temporary apartment at the Hampshire House on Central Park South, while the penthouse was being furnished and decorated at a total expense of $100,000.

"While at the Hampshire House, champagne literally flowed into our apartment like water. You never saw such an orgy of champagne drinking. It was after a short period of this speedy life, to which I was not accustomed, that my wife was advised to go to the Blythewood Sanitarium for treatment.

"When she was discharged from there, the champagne parties started all over again. We had been married on February 28, 1928, and about the last of March I suffered my breakdown, being unable to stand the pace and, on the advice of my doctor, secretly went to the Medical Arts Center Hospital. Somehow my wife found out where I was and sent my baggage with word that she was through with me.

"Later there was a reconciliation at my bedside at the Medical Arts Center Hospital and she promised that there would be no champagne parties any more and on that condition alone I agreed to return to her when I was completely rested and cured. Then she suggested that I ought to have larger quarters and she arranged for me to be transferred to the Doctors' Hospital, where my room alone cost $35 a day. I was hardly a day at the Doctors' Hospital when she suddenly decided that she wanted to move in and she proposed that we take a large suite at the Doctors' Hospital so that she could be near me. She wanted a double suite. I was opposed to this, especially since she began visiting me with champagne bottles. I wanted to get away from the champagne.

"I also recall that while I was trying to recuperate at the Doctors' Hospital, a close female relative of Mr. Hassler came on from Pittsburgh and met my wife at my bedside. Both the Pittsburgh relative and my wife had heard that Robert Hassler had become infatuated with a 20-year-old photographer's model in Miami, and both the Pittsburgh relation and Mrs. Colwell talked about ways and means of preventing Mr. Hassler from marrying the young lady. They agreed that the Hassler fortune must remain intact and that the two Hassler children should not be deprived of any part of it. There was quite a lively discussion between the two women, and I interrupted to say to my wife that it shouldn't make any difference what Mr. Hassler did, because after all, she and I were married and we would have our own lives to live and worry about. On the other hand, the Pittsburgh relative pleaded with my wife to divorce me and to remarry Hassler so as to prevent his marriage to the model.

A Painting of Mrs. Colwell in the Days Before Her Divorce.

Mr. Laurence J. Colwell, Who Has Gone Back to Crackers and Milk.

"Apparently nobody doubted that the ever obliging Mr Hassler would marry Marion a third time, provided Mr. Colwell would kindly rub himself out of the matrimonial picture, but the bridegroom could not quite see it that way and remarks that the proposition did not help his nervous condition one bit. Also it may have been one of the causes of his back-to-the-soil movement, which so annoyed his bride.

"My very good friend, Norman Burgess, was associated with me in my business," the interior decorator states. "My wife, knowing this, used to call up Norman and his mother to accuse them of keeping me in hiding. As a matter of fact, they and my attorney, Mr. Samuel Bierman of 475 Fifth Avenue, were trying to save my life.

"I had been going batty from the champagne diet. I was always used to hard work and long hours of it. I wanted my wife to live on my scale, but she insisted that I live up to her means. I would have been satisfied with a milk diet — broken crackers were always popular with me. But she wanted the champagne menu which the Hassler fortune was able to provide.

"I remember one occasion when the maitre d'hotel came up with three bottles of champagne, and she handed him a hundred-dollar bill and told him to keep the change. That was about the speed of our life together. She actually lived in the penthouse for about a week, and one day she telephoned my attorney and asked him where I was. She told him she had information that I was going in there and she said that if I did show up she would have me thrown out by three guards she had waiting for my appearance."

Flat on his back in the farmhouse sanctuary, Colwell thought he had absorbed about all the shocks his system could stand and fondly imagined that his better half would have to find him to administer any more. But she got to him with the biggest one of all, through the mail. It was a summons, revealing that the bride was suing him for divorce in Florida, charging desertion, cruelty and non-support.

"I deny unequivocally and with the greatest vehemence," he says, "that I ever subjected defendant to cruel and inhuman treatment and failed to support her or that I deserted and abandoned her or that I disappeared without advising her of my whereabouts, although I have refused to let her know where I am. The fact is that the defendant has been so continuously drunk since our marriage, that I have suffered a nervous breakdown from which I am presently convalescing.

"I have never deserted defendant or abandoned her, but I have left our home in Hampshire House for the sole purpose of going to a hospital in order to recuperate and if anything, defendant has abandoned me because when she finally moved to her permanent residence at 30 East 72nd St., New York City, she notified my attorney that under no circumstances should I ever call there. At the time, it was hardly possible for me to do an because I was very sick and the next I heard from defendant was the receipt of the Florida court paper in the mails."

Through his lawyer, the alleged victim of champagne cruelty retaliated with a series of legal rights and lefts. The big issue was whether the Florida courts had jurisdiction. There was no dispute that the two were married in that State and Marion asserted that they were both bona-fide residents of it, furnishing affidavits and considerable other evidence supporting that contention.

Her husband states that he was born in New York State and has never been a resident of any other, also with much evidence to back it up. He says that his wife is also a New York resident, and that the divorce bout ought to be transferred to the arena of the courts of the Empire State, where the only cause recognized is infidelity. Thousands of New Yorkers scamper out to Reno, stay six weeks, solemnly swear that they mean to be residents of Nevada for the rest of their lives, only to leave the minute the court hands down the divorce decree. For this deception neither State punishes anyone, though occasionally a New York judge declares a Reno divorce null and void.

Mr. Colwell not only says his wife meant to do much the same thing, but also had another motive. One of the attractions of Florida is that it imposes no State income tax while New York has a thumping heavy one. Mr. Colwell charges that his rich wife, said to be worth over $5,000,000, pretends to be a Florida resident in order to evade the New York State tax on her bountiful income.

"I represent and certify to the court," he says, "that the defendant, my wife, has repeatedly and on numerous occasions advised me, as her husband, that her attorneys are always prevailing upon her to remember at all times to insist upon her being a Florida resident, not because the defendant is or desires to be a Florida citizen, or prefers the climate of Florida, but in order to avoid payment of New York State income taxes, since Florida has no income tax."

When anything like that is asserted publicly, official ears are pricked up at Albany and the person of whom it is said can safely bet his life that he will soon be visited by an inquisitive tax expert. If by any chance the tax evasion charges, which Mrs. Colwell vigorously denies, should be proved true, Marion may be due for the shock of her life. Not only must a tax-evader pay the evaded taxes in full but interest and heavy fines. If that is all, he is getting off easy. The notorious gangster, Al Capone, is in Alcatraz Prison not for any of his gangster activities, but because he neglected to pay a Federal income tax on the profits.

Based on his assertions about residence, Colwell obtained a temporary injunction against the Florida proceedings, although his wife dodged about a bit before he could make it stick.

After listening to the arguments of both sides, Judge Peter J. Schmuck finally decided that Mrs. Colwell must be a resident of the same State as her husband, namely, New York. In so deciding, he rejected her plea that her New York penthouse was merely a nice place to hang her hat when she happened to be in New York and that her permanent residence was always at 7815 Atlantic Way, Miami Beach, Florida. Colwell had contended that an apartment with a three-year and nine months lease, renting for $30,300, that cost $100,000 to decorate is much too de luxe for a hat peg. To him it looked more like home sweet home, though he says he never had a chance to live there.

And he concluded: "It is time that the New York courts spoke with a firm hand and convinced this lady she cannot fly about the country claiming fictitious residences as her temporary whim chooses." Just exactly how a court, or for that matter anybody, can "speak with a firm hand" would seem to be something of a problem. However, Mr. Colwell probably knew what he meant and Judge Schmuck seems to have got the idea pretty well.

And, speaking of hands, now that the husband's contentions have received an official stamp of approval, Mrs. Colwell may find a couple of them prying into her pocketbook. One of these may be the tax collector's and the other may very well be the hand of her champagne-shocked hubby, because, according to the law, he has a dower right to one-third of what the tax collector leaves.

Movie director D. W. Griffith made a great success of the pathetic romance "Broken Blossoms." Interior decorator Colwell ought to beat it with his, perhaps entitled "Broken Crackers."

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Stretching Health and Beauty

The "Head Roll" is One Way of Relaxing and Stretching the Spinal Column. This and Other Exercises Have Increased the Height of Some Subjects As Much As Two Inches.

Supported on a "Back Bender," One Pretty Health Seeker Holds Herself Down With 10-Pound Dumb-Bells While Mr. Reilly Grasps Her Feet, to Loosen and Lengthen Her Spine.

BLACK STAR PHOTOS

IN New York City there are many men and women who are anywhere from a quarter of an inch to two inches and a quarter taller than they used to be.

They didn't put on this extra length by the natural and normal process of growing up. They were mature when they went in for a series of exercises which relaxed their spines and made them longer.

This stretching process, which also is said to perk up the physical condition of the stretchee generally, takes from three to six months. It requires the services of a trained technician who knows how people are put together under the skin and just what maneuvers to go through to get results.

Two of the photographs on this page show one health expert who has built up quite a reputation for adding to the up-and-down dimensions of his clients. He is Harold J. Reilly who, time and again, has disproved the old Biblical assertion that no one, by taking thought, can add one cubit unto his stature.

By experiment and experience Mr. Reilly has found out that almost everybody—depending on age, build and physical condition—can be made from a fraction of an inch to a couple of inches taller.

It is easier to add "cubits" on some people than on others. People with long legs and short bodies usually can't be lengthened out much. That's because they have short backbones in relation to their height. On the other hand, individuals with short legs and long torsos are good material to work on. It is this type of physique that, more often than not, can be pulled out as much as two inches.

Some of the exercises must be done with the help of an expert who knows his bones and his muscles. An awkward and uninformed trainer might get too rough and violent, and strain the "patient" instead of improving his general physical condition while relaxing the spinal column and adding to the height.

The so-called "headroll," shown in the photograph at the left, is an exercise that, literally, takes the client off his feet. The head is gently turned from side to side while the pull of gravity straightens the spinal column and tends to elongate it.

The "back bender," shown in the photograph above, is something else again. The subject, supported by a low bench, is stretched out, bow-fashion, to relax the backbone and stimulate the layers of cartilage between the spool-like bones of which the spine is composed.

Another part of the grow-taller routine is shown in the picture at the right. The subject is hanging, monkey-like, from a bar. A dumb-bell is fastened to each foot. If the spine is stretchable this maneuver will, over a period of months, add a cubit or so to it.

One of the Quickest Ways to Add An Inch or More to the Height is to Hang From a Bar With a 10-Pound Dumbbell Pulling Down on Each Foot.

The Jinx That Waited 22 Years for its Victim

BELGRADE.

TWENTY-TWO years ago, when this city was under a fierce artillery bombardment by Austro-Hungarian batteries, Antonie Jovanovich, a Serbian soldier, was felled by a shell which crashed in the public square. Last week he died from a fall on the second occasion that he had visited the same unlucky spot.

The shell that landed near Jovanovich many years ago while he was carrying dispatches wrecked the front of a house and scattered a mass of debris, some of which injured him so severely that his right leg had to be amputated.

After he was discharged from the hospital he was convinced that the scene of his injury was a jinx spot which should be carefully avoided. Thereafter the crippled veteran would hobble blocks out of his way to keep from crossing that particular square. The other day he had to go to a building fronting on the square.

As he hobbled along he took every possible precaution. Before crossing the square itself he made sure that there was little traffic in either direction. Then he started to cross. He had taken just three steps when his crutch slipped. Losing his balance, he fell to the pavement and fractured his skull. When the doctor arrived he was dead.

"Armies" That Fight for Sponges

ATHENS.

SCIENCE and sponge fishermen now know that the sponge is not as helpless looking as it appears. It has a microscopic "army" at work defending it although that defense may not become apparent to the fisherman until a day or so later.

Long interested in the mysterious sponge-divers' sickness, known for thousands of years in the eastern part of the Mediterranean Sea, Dr. Skevos Zervos, a Greek biologist, recently traced its cause to tiny poison-bearing watchmen sheltered by the sponges in return for defense.

The victim of this disease comes home one day from his sponge diving with fever, miscellaneous aches and pains and a general feeling of illness. A day or two later some part of his body turns black like a severe bruise. Often this black spot develops gangrene and forms an ulcer extremely hard to heal.

Dr. Zervos recently traced the trouble to tiny animals of the class of sea anemones and coral polyps, which apparently guard the passages leading inside the sponge bodies in the manner of police patrolling the highways into a city. Like their relatives, the stinging jellyfish, these small polyps have hundreds of tiny sting cells. When a diver tries to pick up a protected sponge, some part of his body touches a few of the polyp watchmen, which inject their poison into him. The diver does not feel these stings and doesn't know he has been attacked until the poison gets to work.

When Death Came to a Wedding

MANILA.

BOTH Ingnacio Fulves and his young fiancee, Elena Sanchez, thought it was a wonderful idea to have their entire families present when they were married in the village of Malamec, La Union Province. There were uncles and aunts whom they had not seen since they were infants, relatives who undoubtedly would bring presents.

On the day of the wedding, all 20 members of the Fulves and Sanchez family were assembled at the bride's house. Just as the ceremony was about to begin, a terrific thunderstorm broke. A lightning bolt struck the house and killed every one in it.

The Camera Catches Up With a Kangaroo

SYDNEY.

IT TOOK a photographer equipped with a specially rigged, high-speed camera, a naturalist, a fast car and expert driver just 11 days to make a series of pictures showing a kangaroo in action. But the results were worth the trouble.

After days of patient effort a complete set of photographs showing a big kangaroo making a leap nearly 30 feet long was obtained, to enable scientists to analyze the remarkable power in the animals's hind legs.

Four of these unusual photographs from take-off to the end of the leap are shown here. As may be seen, the forelegs take no part in the jump, even in the descent.

"The latter," says Dr. Edward Step, F. L. S., noted British zoologist, "are used mostly when the animal is grazing. The kangaroo provides us with the most striking example of a jumping beast, owing to its habit of going about on its two hind legs in an almost erect attitude. The two largest species stand about five feet high and use their huge, stiff tails as the third leg of a supporting tripod.

"To get over a country covered with patches of scrub, alternating with tall grass, kangaroos do not attempt to walk or run, but proceed by a succession of jumps which have been recorded variously, ranging from 15 to 30 feet.

"These long jumps, however, are not quite as great as is claimed for the performance of the well-trained hunter horse, which is estimated to be between 33 and 37 feet when a ditch or fence has to be taken in the course of a run. But in justice to the kangaroo, it should be pointed out that the hunter is not able to repeat his feat at short intervals as does the kangaroo. The horse's weight is too great for such exertion."

Although the kangaroo has only two feet to carry it over the ground, it is a most efficient traveler. The series of photographs show the action from the time the strange animal gets off its thick haunches until the streamlined body has been thrust forward and upward and the legs, in a graceful maneuver, are brought forward until the feet are almost beneath the creature's pointed snout.

The subject of this scientific study was paced for about two miles by the car driver while the photographer snapped pictures of the queer-looking animal as it leaped along the ground.

The Kangaroo, Resting on Its Hind Feet and Balanced on Its Thick and Powerful Tail, Takes a Sidelong Glance At the Camera Man and Gets Ready to Go Into Action.

—And Right—

He's Off! The Animal Gives a Mighty Thrust With Its Muscular Hind Legs, Lifts Its Heavy Tail Off the Ground and Starts the First Stage of Its Long Stride.

BLACK STAR PHOTOS

In Midair, the Kangaroo, Still Followed by the Photographer in an Automobile, Begins to Pull Its Long Legs Forward in Preparation for Landing, to Make Another Thrust.

—And Right—

The End of the Leap. The Hind Legs Are Pushed Way Forward, the Weak Front Feet Are Between the Hind Legs, the Tail Is High Off the Ground and the Speeding Animal Is Ready to Go Through the Cycle All Over Again.

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Parents to Blame for 9/10ths of Juvenile Crime?

Give Your Children Their Own Way, Fail to Correct Early Mischievous Tendencies, Forgive Them Always—And You'll Be Starting Them on the Way to Prison, Maybe the Death House, Says Josephine Quirk, Woman Crime Expert, Citing Tragic Cases to Warn Too Indulgent Fathers and Mothers

"It was truly a remarkable scene in Warden Lawes' office. The young prisoner, condemned to life in jail, faced his mother and one by one recounted to her all the errors that she had made in his upbringing, the evil fruit of which he was now eating.

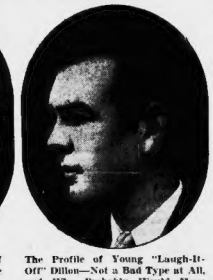
"'I've had two years to think about this,' he ended. 'You're the criminal and not I—and I'll have the rest of my life to hate you for what you have done to me!'"

Two Mothers Who Said, "It is our fault." After It was Too Late. Sixteen-year-Old Donald Carroll, Who Killed His Sweetheart, Charlotte Matthiesen, Being Embraced by His Own Mother, on the Right, and the Mother of the Dead Girl, Soon After His Acquittal on a Murder Charge.

The "Line-Up" at New York City Police Headquarters, the Tragic End of the Trail for So Many Badly Brought Up Youngsters, Where They Stand in Blinding Lights While Detectives Memorize Their Faces.

"No, Willie, you can't come in this morning—mother is resting." Says the Nurse in This Cartoon by Ralph Fuller in College Humor; a Biting Commentary Upon the Way Many Modern Parents Behave and Still Expect Their Children to Grow Up Useful Citizens. (By Permission of College Humor.)

Mrs. Anna H. Dillon, Mother of "Toddy" Dillon, Whose Influence Saved Her Son Many Times—Perhaps if He Had Been Punished as a Child She Might Not Now Be Waiting for His Release From Prison.



The Profile of Young "Laugh-It-Off" Dillon—Not a Bad Type at All, and Who Probably Would Have Been a Useful Citizen With Not So Much Well-Meant but Harmful Motherly Indulgence.

By JOSEPHINE QUIRK,
Associate Editor "The Catholic Boy," and Research Specialist on Modern Crime.

"PARENTS are responsible for 90 per cent of the juvenile crime in America—

And mothers are responsible for most of that 90 per cent."

It was a judge of the Juvenile Court who made this amazing statement to a psychology class in a woman's college during a lecture on juvenile crime.

Thousands of parents who read this statement and the article that follows will be as shocked and resentful as the students who heard it. I was one of them. He completely disarmed my criticism by proving his statement—in terms of psychology.

I had forgotten the incident until I sat in a judge's chambers in a New York court and saw that statement proved again—not in terms of psychology but in cold facts.

A youth had been sentenced to a long prison term for stealing $100,000 worth of bonds. I wondered how his criminal career had started for I knew it hadn't begun with a $100,000 theft. I discussed this point with the judge who had the youth brought to his chambers. He asked him if he remembered his first theft. The prisoner recalled it at once and seemed eager to talk about himself. Here is his story.

"Sure I remembered it, Your Honor. I was five and I stole a cent when my mother sent me to the store. It was so easy that I took two cents the next time. Soon I made it a nickel. Then I stole loose change that Mom always left around the house. It was a cinch because she never counted the change nor checked up on the grocery bills and she never seemed to know just how much change she had.

"Then I rifled the baby's bank and Dad's pants. Finally I tried it on the outside and got away with it for a while. Then I was caught. My parents were furious at the person who accused me. Mom nearly tore that woman apart for calling me a thief and Dad threatened to have her arrested. They never investigated or even asked me if I did it. That made it easy for me. They didn't believe that I was dishonest and I knew they'd stand by me if I got in a jam. I went on stealing. As I grew older I took everything I wanted and I sure wanted lots of things. I moved along fast—and—and then there was this thing—the bonds."

Yes—that boy had moved along fast so fast, in fact, that, at 20, he was in the $100,000 class of criminals.

Listening to that youth's story, I couldn't help feeling that those parents should be going to a penal institution instead of the boy. I could still hear the echo of that woman's screams as the boy was sentenced to a long prison term. She would have been furious had anyone accused her of contributing to his delinquency.

Statistics show that a majority of the serious crimes are committed by youths from 14 to 25. The headlines in a single issue of any daily newspaper will testify to the truth of this statement. There are 800,000 juvenile criminals on record besides another million that have not yet wrestled with the law. These figures are increasing with alarming rapidity and unless something is done about it, this menace threatens to destroy the youth of the country.

Asking police officials, members of the district attorney's staff and the judges this question, "Who is responsible for this?" I always received the same answer:

"THE PARENTS."

It is an indisputable fact that no parent would deliberately make a criminal of his child, yet too many of them are indirectly responsible for their children's delinquency. Too many parents are unconsciously steering them into lives of crime.

Home conditions, lack of proper home training, lack of parental supervision and lack of religion in the home are the greatest factors in the spread of juvenile crime and parents figure largely in all these factors.

Mothers and fathers are contributing to juvenile crime by ignoring its existence. Too many of them refuse to believe it has become serious and discount it as unimportant. Many, when convinced that it does exist, shrug their shoulders and say, "Well—if there is such a thing, it could never happen to my children."

Meanwhile these same children are frequently drawn into crime in ways that sound like tales of the Arabian Nights. Gangsters who want boys for their rackets have a way of making their proposition sound thrilling, exciting and attractive to their victims. Many youths serving long terms in prison had no idea they were on their way to a life of crime when they listened to a "deal" from someone who promised them a "good time." Many a boy who has disappeared from home was lured away by some gangster who promised him a job in the city.

Parents will do well to face the fact that never in the history of the country has its youth faced the conditions that exist today. Gangsters are drafting boys and girls into their rackets in great numbers. Just as businessmen look for promising material to train, so do gangsters seek promising material to train for their various rackets.

The sooner juvenile crime is brought out in the open and shown for what it is, the sooner it will cease to exist. No one interested in the welfare of youth can afford to ignore it. It is only by the closest co-operation of parents, teachers, the clergy, athletic and club directors can we hope to handle the situation with any degree of success.

In what way do parents contribute to juvenile crime? First—the youth of today has too much freedom and this lack of parental supervision is leading to an increase of crime. The youth who is on his own, who comes and goes as he pleases, whose parents never check up on his whereabouts, is the prey of the gangster and is easily lured into a life of crime by a promise of a "good time" or "easy dough." Contrary to the general opinion of the day, supervision of social activities and old fashioned chaperonage would do much to decrease crime.

The "spoiled" child is also a potential criminal. If he has always had his own way, he will get it when he grows up even if he *has* to break the law. Thus the over-indulgent mother does more harm to her child's future than can possibly be estimated.

I interviewed a young man who was about to start a life imprisonment for murder. I asked about his early life and whether anything in his childhood had led him to take the wrong road. He said it was disobedience. As a child he did as he pleased. "I never obeyed anyone unless I wanted to and I always got away with it!" he said. One might have added, "Until the law caught up with you."

He said his mother never made him mind and quarreled with anyone who chastised him for disobedience. "He's only a child!" she would say. She was constantly at odds with his teachers and resented any criticism of his actions. "She thought I was perfect!" he said with a wry smile.

He had only to scream when he was little to get what he wanted. When he was older he'd threaten to run away from home and accomplished the same results. As a little boy his mother let him "take" an apple or banana when she was marketing. She'd say, "Don't let the man see it!" He thought it was all right to take things as long as no one saw you.

With this background it is easy to see how he developed into a criminal—even a murderer. Children who are not taught to obey the rules of home and school won't have much respect for laws of the State when they are older. That boy's mother raved about her great mother love and the sacrifices she made for him, only to have him disgrace her.

But she didn't blame herself for his tragic finish—life imprisonment.

Another outstanding case was that of young Edward George Dillon of St. Louis, known as "Toddy" or "Laugh-it-off" Dillon. All through Toddy's boyhood, his indulgent mother kept using her wealth and influence to get him out of first one scrape and then another. Then one morning his father, Dr. William A. Dillon, was found shot to death and the police suspected Toddy because he was the beneficiary of a $25,000 insurance policy on the father's life. But Toddy just laughed at them, refusing to tell where he was the night of the murder and they let him go.

Less than a year later Toddy was sentenced to Sing Sing for a hold-up in New York City, and after a four-year fight his mother succeeded in getting him paroled. A few months later he was sentenced to prison in Chicago for taking part in 74 robberies, mostly in "Gold Coast" hotels and filling stations. He is still in the Illinois Penitentiary at Menard, and according to the latest reports his mother is doing everything under the sun to get him released—but perhaps if she had punished him as a child when he needed it, she wouldn't be trying to get him out of prison now.

In many instances it is not so much the indulgence of parents that brings disaster as it is a sort of blindness to what is going on in the home. This seems to have been what happened in the recent Carroll-Matthiesen case in New York City. After making a suicide pact with his young sweetheart, Charlotte Matthiesen, who was an expectant mother, 16-year-old Donald Carroll shot her to death—but then apparently lost his nerve and called the police instead of killing himself. A jury acquitted him of the murder charge on the grounds of temporary insanity and afterwards he was released when psychiatrists at Bellevue pronounced him sane.

"The entire tragedy was my fault," Mrs. Matthiesen said, at the conclusion of the trial. "I am the one to blame. I didn't take Charlotte's love for Donald seriously enough. So she didn't talk to me about the affair. My advice to mothers is take their children seriously."

Donald's parents were also quoted as blaming themselves.

"It was our fault as much as theirs," they said. "If Donald and Charlotte had come to us with their troubles, we could have helped them."

It is becoming fashionable for society boys and girls to know and hobnob with big shot gamblers, racketeers and public enemies. Night club employes will testify to the truth of this statement. Many socially prominent youths and debutantes think it is smart to be seen with these questionable characters. They do it for the thrill but it frequently provides an unexpected one when the law steps in. These are not wholesome conditions but they exist. If there was more

(Continued on Page 12)

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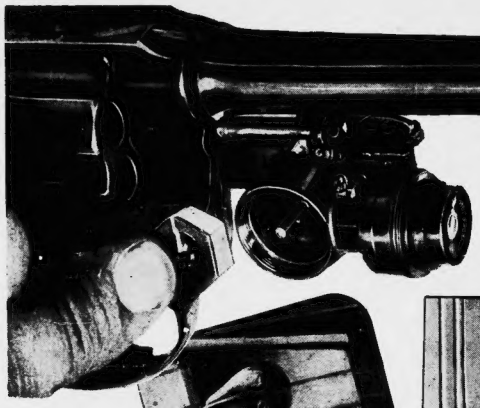
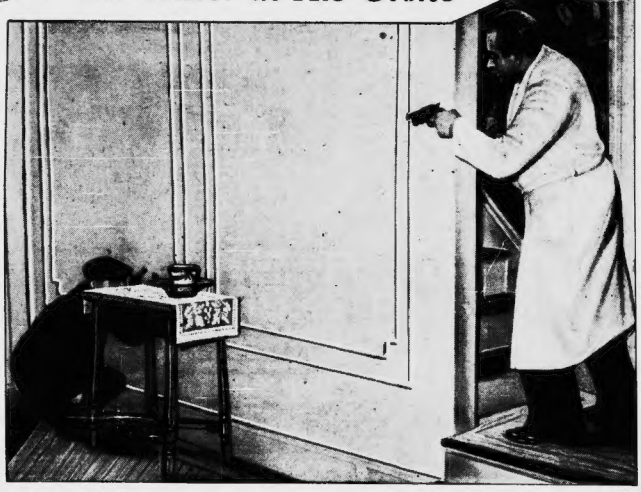
Hit or Miss Him, You Photograph the Burglar

Making Thieves Photograph Themselves Was Clever, But the New Pistol-Camera, Inspired by a Brutal Murder, Now Actually Photographs the Killer at His Crime



The Camera-Gun, Which Gets Its Man on a Tiny Picture Every Time It Shoots, Even If the Bullet Misses Him. A Fool-Proof Device, Equipped with Narrow Motion Picture Film, It Focuses Automatically and Cannot Make Double-Exposures.



A Posed Photograph Showing How the Camera-Gun Is Used Just Like an Ordinary Pistol, but in Addition to Firing Lead, It Shoots Pictures. So, Even if the Bullet Misses Its Mark, the Burglar's Image Is Recorded on a Tiny Strip of Movie Film Each Time the Trigger Is Pulled.

An Earlier Form of Thief-Photographing Camera With Which Robert Norberry, an English Farmer, Took the Photograph of the Man in the Cap Above and So Discovered It Was His Neighbor Who had been Robbing His Hen-House.

This Thief Took His Own Picture When He Attempted to Steal a Flashlight from an Automobile in Which a Minneapolis Newspaper Photographer Had Rigged Up a Camera Burglar Trap. The Picture Was So Good the Thief Was Quickly Identified and Convicted.

An Enlarged Strip of Photographs Made by the Camera-Gun on the Tiny Negative Shown in the Oval at Top Left, Illustrating How the Robber's Picture Remains as Evidence Even Though the Bullets in the Gun Miss Him.

A CLUELESS murder—the holdup killing of the owner of an all-night restaurant who died in a gun battle with bandits nearly seven years ago, resulted in the invention recently of the latest scientific weapon in the war on crime—a camera-gun that snaps pictures as it throws lead.

Late one cold November night in 1931, Abraham Kurnick, a New York newspaper photographer, was playing cards with a half dozen other reporters and photographers in the police station. But the game was never finished, for right in the middle of the hand another reporter stuck his head in the door of the press-room.

"Murder—in a stick-up!" he shouted. The reporters and photographers left on the run. A few minutes later they were at the scene of the killing, a dingy all-night restaurant in the famous "Hell's Kitchen" section of New York's West Side. Wind whistled through bullet holes in the windows of the restaurant, and behind the counter lay the proprietor's body. A bandit's bullet had struck him between the eyes. Beside him, still clinched in the dead fingers, was a gun. The restaurant man had fought for his money and his life—and lost both.

Five bullets had been fired from the restaurant man's gun. But there were no other clues.

Kurnick photographed the body, the little restaurant, and it's empty cash register. Reporters took notes, phoned their editors and went back to the police station. The card game was started over again. But Kurnick didn't take a hand in the new game. When he had stared down at the gun in the dead man's hand, Kurnick had an idea.

Not so long ago that idea was patented. After almost seven years of experimenting, the newspaper photographer had invented a tiny camera that fits just beneath the barrel of a pistol, and snaps pictures each time the trigger of the gun is pulled. The camera has a high-speed lens, and uses the fastest small moving picture film available. Tiny negatives, about a quarter of an inch wide, picture anything the gun is fired at. Even under bad lighting conditions that would "blind" the ordinary camera, this new gun-camera gets its man with the camera, even if the bullet misses.

That is one of the chief values of the new weapon. If a man is a good shot, and kills the bandit he is firing at, nobody would need a picture to help identify the body. But even when the bullet misses its mark, the little camera does not. A camera lens, operating under ordinary conditions, can "see" for quite an angle on each side, much like the human eye, so that, while the bullet might miss its mark a foot or more, the photograph of the bandit it was aimed at would still be caught on the little strip of film.

Another feature of the camera-gun is that it is fool-proof. The camera weighs only six ounces, and is only an inch and a half in length and the film is exposed, and a new film moved into place before the lens each time the trigger of the gun is pulled. There is no chance for a double exposure, and as the lens focuses automatically, the picture it takes is never fuzzy, another bugaboo of amateur photographers.

When the bullets have been fired at a robber the film is taken out of the camera in a dark-room, and developed just as any other film. But as the pictures are so small, enlargements are necessary before the photographs are of any value. However, with modern fine-grain film of the type developed for the so-called candid cameras, and with modern fine grain development procedure, the little negatives can be enlarged up to as much as eight by ten inches. Several of the photographs on this page today are direct enlargements of the little strip of negative.

Once the enlargements have been made, detectives can compare the pictures with thousands of photographs of known criminals in the rogues' gallery, or can show them to people who live in the neighborhood where the crime was committed, on the chance that some local criminal was guilty of the crime. In any case, the detectives have one of the best clues there is a likeness of the man they want.

Of course, cameras have long been used in the war on crime. All up-to-date police departments have a photographic division with officers who are trained photographers. When a crime has been committed, among the first policemen on the job are these photographers, who make dozens of pictures of the scene.

Once the killer has been captured, the photographs may serve to check up on his story. Just one slip of the tongue concerning some apparently trivial detail may start a man down the path that ends in the execution chamber.

Another modern use of photography in the war on crime is the "burglar trap"—a neat little device that makes a burglar take a picture of himself in the act of committing a robbery.

Merle Bull, of Minneapolis, also a news photographer, was annoyed by a sneak thief. Mr. Bull works nights and parks his car in a vacant lot near his office, so that he can get to it quickly if sent out on an assignment. Several times during a period of only a few weeks, he found that the glove compartment of his car had been forced open, and flashlights, cigarettes, and other articles stolen.

Mr. Bull put his camera-knowledge to work and rigged up a trap for the thief. It consisted of a camera, a fish-line, a flashlight and an electric cord. The flashlight was the bait with which he fished for the crook. Bull put it in the glove compartment and tied the fishline to it. The other end of the line was attached to a flashlight bulb and camera concealed in a corner of the car, and so trained and focused that it would snap the picture of anyone who tried to get into the glove compartment. As an additional precaution, Bull rigged up the car-horn so that it would toot continuously and raise an alarm as soon as the camera clicked.

A few nights later while Bull was in the newspaper office, he heard the tell-tale tooting of the horn on his car. He went quickly to the lot. The flashlight bulb had been fired and the horn was still tooting, but the thief, probably startled by the flash and the horn, was gone. Bull took the camera up to his dark-room, and removed the film. A half dozen members of the staff crowded around the developing pan in the dark-room while Bull worked on the negative. In a few seconds the dim red light of the dark-room showed a shadowy figure forming on the film. And not long afterward Bull had the completed negatives in an enlarging camera and had developed the fine, "self-made portrait."

A few minutes later at police headquarters, detectives identified the picture. Detective Eugene Bernath located the suspect, Victor Barry, at his home and showed him the picture. Barry indignantly denied it was he. Then the detective tried a ruse. "That camera was a pretty good stunt," he remarked innocently, "but the horn didn't go off."

"Oh, yes it did," Barry said, without thinking. "You could hear the darned thing a mile away."

Trapped by his admission, and with a picture of himself nobody could deny for additional evidence, he finally confessed and was sentenced to ninety days in the workhouse.

An English farmer, Robert Norbury, who operated a truck farm on the outskirts of London, used his camera to trap the man who had been stealing hens, eggs and vegetables from the farm for months. So conclusive was the picture evidence against the thief that Scotland Yard operatives asked Norbury to explain his trap.

The farmer told the detectives he had grown sick and tired of being robbed, and that after trying unsuccessfully for weeks to capture the thief himself, he had rigged up his camera trap.

"Most of the eggs were being stolen from a hut near the hen-house," Norbury said. "I rigged up a box-camera so that it would snap a picture of anyone who opened the door. I hid the camera in another small building with its lens pointed at the door of the coop. I ran a string from the shutter of the camera to the door of the hut, through a piece of pipe that couldn't be seen on the ground at night, and probably wouldn't have aroused any suspicion even if it had been. Then, to be sure that the thief wouldn't be looking the other way when the camera snapped, I rigged up another simple mechanism and attached it to the door, so that a piece of tin would bang against the hut when the door was opened. I figured the thief would look in the direction of the racket, and I would get at least a good profile shot."

Three days after the camera was set up, the amateur detective found the shutter of the camera snapped, and immediately developed his film. The result was a pretty good picture of Frederick W. Barnewell, Mr. Norbury's next door neighbor. The picture was turned over to the police and Barnewell confessed. Because Norbury felt sorry for the thief's wife and children, he didn't press the charges and Barnewell was released on his promise to do no more stealing.

Kurnick's camera-gun, however, is intended to trap much more desperate criminals than car prowlers or chicken thieves. It will come to use only in a gun battle, but once it is brought into play, it will furnish a clue that will lead to quick solution of a crime, even if the man who fired the gun and took the photograph is himself killed in the fight—as the restaurant owner whose murder first gave the newspaper photographer his idea for the weapon.

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Just Like a Tragedy Out of the "Arabian Nights"

Caught in the Desert Harem, the Handsome Groom Kills His Master and Escapes, but a Young Sheik, Honor-Bound to Cut His Faithless Sister's Throat, Does So and Takes His Own Life, and Now a Family Feud Is Threatened

"Drama in the Harem." Artist T. Raili's Painting Showing How Jealousy May Prompt One Wife to Betray Another to Her Doom, as Old Ayesha Brought About the Death of the Young Princess.

Jewelled Blade Denoting the Sheik's Rank, and Used in the Blood Ceremonials of the Ghazalis.

"From the Desert I come to thee,
On a stallion shod with fire
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire."
—Bedouin Love-Song.

"QUICK! Get the two silver cups," cried young Sheik Nawaf al-Kurd, as he wrapped the fingers of one hand in his sister's hair and with the other, laid the keen edge of his jewelled knife against her throat.

"Hurry! In the name of Allah, hurry!" he shouted after the servants as they dashed frantically through the rooms of the ancient stone castle of Prince Hamid al-Hussein on the desert As Samawah, between Syria and Mesopotamia.

The cups should have been in the Prince's bedroom, a small, severely finished warrior's chamber, hardly bigger than a prison cell and illuminated only by two thin slits in the masonry, made originally for archers to shoot through at besiegers. On a little table of teak were the two pedestals for the cups, but not the cups themselves.

"Kismet!" wailed the fist servants to arrive. "Hunt everywhere. Hurry, for the love of Allah or two great families may be destroyed."

Panting and praying as they ran, the servants searched the castle. Finally bursting into the scullery they found an old crone polishing them. With such violence that it knocked her sprawling, the cups were snatched from the astonished woman and on flying feet carried back to the perfumed and gorgeously-draped harem boudoir of the Prince's favorite wife, the Princess Zobeid, where her brother still stood, with his knife at the Princess' throat.

"Here they are— the cups!" the servants gasped, stumbling in the door.

The Princess, about 30 years old and beautiful, though perhaps a bit too plump to rate as high according to Western standards, was on her knees, white with the pallor of the death she knew inevitable. The doomed woman made no protest, merely looking up into the eyes of her brother.

"Thou art lower than an infidel's dog," he said to her, not angrily nor with much conviction but because it was part of the formula which he must go through. Having said that he cut his sister's throat as if she had been a sheep.

Then he filled the two cups with her lifeblood and ran to a nearby chamber where his brother-in-law, the Prince, lay dying from a bullet wound. The dying man raised his head and reached out a hand toward the cup the Sheik offered but the hand dropped and the head fell back in death.

"Too late!" said the Sheik.

"Kismet!" murmured the servants.

The Sheik took the cups to the window and tossed them out. Then he ran against the nearest wall, striking it with his chest and falling back, the knife with which he had cut his sister's throat, sticking in his heart.

Meanwhile out across the desert, on a stolen stallion, and leaving the winds behind in his desire to escape with his life, fled the man who had caused the triple tragedy and may bring about the deaths of many more, including his own. But the servants point out that it mostly was caused by a very bad Kismet because besides the cups being in the scullery how many other evils had to happen. Moustapha, the handsome groom, had to groom a horse under the windows of the Princess Zobeid and sing a Bedouin love song.

The Princess had to be of a frivolous mood to make her toss a flower at his feet. Moustapha, with lashes so long that he could look out of the corners of his eyes without being observed, had to aspire to that which is an abomination to Allah and forbidden by his prophet. Last but not least, old, neglected Ayesha, "who can see with her eyes shut" had to open those of her lord and master.

Prince Hamid al-Hussein was a fit chieftain of the Ghazalis, probably the most ferocious tribe of the desert and least changed since Mohammed, in the Koran, set down once and for all every bit of truth the human race is supposed to ever know. The tribe gets its name from Hamid al-Ghazzali, who sat centuries ago in the tower of the Damascus Mosque and prayed for enlightenment to bring culture to the world. From his fortress, built like a medieval castle, he ran things as his ancestors had, in the Middle Ages. He and his tribe fought with rifles but he disliked these inventions of the unbeliever, preferring the bow and arrow which he sometimes used on his constant hunting trips.

The Prince was no ignoramus, however. Besides knowing his Koran, the Mohammedan's encyclopaedia, he was a poet and musician in his younger days, accompanying himself with a guitar, he sang love songs of his own composition. His love-making was strictly proper, according to the rules laid down by the prophet, being confined at all times to his four wives. Only the wealthy can afford a harem but there is little complaint on that score among the poor who are convinced that one wife it trouble enough.

As the Prince approached the age of 50, he began to weary of love and spend his time in hunting. The first and oldest of his wives, Ayesha, was naturally the first to feel the neglect but she took it philosophically. When the indifference finally reached Zobeid, youngest and prettiest of the wives; that lady was inclined to pout and rebel against fate.

When she complained to husband and brother their answers were identical and correct, according to the code of the tribe. They said:

"If a woman wins a man's interest, it is to her credit alone and if she loses it, it is her fault alone."

There was not much comfort in that to the neglected beauty and one day, in pique she threw the flower down to Moustapha. He had curried a horse and sung there many a time before but this was the first time there had been any response from the windows which he was supposed not even to look at. Flashing a quick smile upward and placing the flower near his rapidly-beating heart, the groom went on with his business.

The next move must come from the flower-tosser. Harems have always seethed with discontent, conspiracy and treachery as might be expected of such a love prison. When a younger wife wishes to risk the death penalty for straying, the customary and safest method is to take into her confidence the oldest wife whose only ambition by this time is power. For a consideration she can usually be induced to manage things quietly.

Zobeid understood harem politics as well as anyone but she remembered how mean she had been to poor old Ayesha during the time of her own supremacy and now feared to put herself in the older woman's power. It seemed better to play the game alone. So presently one of Zobeid's slaves, an Abyssinian woman whose parents had sold her to slave traders who had sailed her across the Red Sea and resold her to the Arabs, appeared to Moustapha, with instructions as to when and where he was to go and what disguise to wear in order to be smuggled into the harem, the next time the Prince went hunting.

For months the thing went on and as far as the three in the conspiracy could see, nobody else suspected. But old Ayesha knew and was ready to tell as soon as it could be done without losing her own life. To blurt out the shameful truth that the Prince had as a rival the low-born son of a brigand, would have so infuriated the master that he probably would have had the old wife strangled with a bowstring and investigated later.

Instead she handed her husband a handsome silver buckle casually remarking that she had picked it up the last time she was directing the cleaning of Zobeid's apartment and hoped he had not missed it. The Prince gave a brief glance at the buckle and a long, suspicious one into the eyes of his oldest wife. But, for some inscrutable reason, it pleases Allah to make husbands blind to the wiles of their women and he saw no more than if he were gazing into Tamerlane's veil.

"When did you find this?" he asked as indifferently as possible.

"It was just as you returned from your last long hunt."

"Thank you," said the Prince. "I had not missed it."

That was the truth but it's more or less rightful owner who had received it as a gift from Zobeid had been hunting high and low for it these many days. It is more than suspected that Ayesha did not find it where she said but got someone to steal it for her from the groom's room.

Time is one of the things of which there is always an abundance in the East and the Prince waited a full month before taking action. Then one night, strolling softly through his harem, he took note that Zobeid's slippers were outside her door which, according to ancient harem custom, means that their owner would welcome a visit from her lord and master. He did not visit her, in the morning announced that he was going hunting again.

"Your Highness is away a lot," said Zobeid, with downcast eyes. "It makes me sad. And when may we hope you will return?"

"Tonight, while the sun still stands two hands high in the sky," promised the Prince and, with a large retinue, he disappeared over the desert's rim. The Prince did not ride his great stallion because, though it was saddled, Moustapha persuaded him at the last moment that the horse was sick.

Two hours later, not even Ayesha saw the Prince dismount alone behind the sand ridges and slip into the castle. But sons of brigands have a sixth sense and so it was that when the Prince approached Zobeid's apartment out came Moustapha, the groom. The man had no more right there than an infidel in Allah's paradise.

Nothing was said. Both men drew pistols and fired, but there was that miserable Kismet again. The Prince's bullet went wild but the groom's dropped the wronged husband with a fatal wound. Leaping over his master's body he dashed out of the harem, leaped onto the still-saddled stallion and fled.

According to the code of the tribe, only one thing could wipe out the stain of Zobeid's infidelity and prevent a blood feud between the two families. The woman's nearest male relative must cut her throat, fill two ceremonial cups with her blood and bringing them to the betrayed husband. Then they must toast each other in her blood.

As a matter of fact just touching the cup to their lips is enough. The proper person to do this was the young Sheik, her brother, who rarely visited his brother-in-law but by a remarkable coincidence happened to ride up in time to hear the shots.

"Kismet!" said everyone. "Surely Allah must have sent him just at this moment." But what is this Kismet, that having brought the man so providentially, it defeats itself by not keeping the cups where they should have been?

Can it be that Kismet is controlled by two wills and they sometimes clash? Some things even a true believer is not permitted to know.

There will be an assemblage of the Prince's relatives who will vote whether they should follow custom and take a life from the family of Zobeid and, if so, this will start a feud between the two families. They may decide that honor has been satisfied by the Sheik taking his own life and the two families may unite in hunting down Moustapha who not only stole a bad wife but a good horse.

Like Hamid's Fortressed Castle, Scores of Low Stone Structures Still Stand as Medieval Monuments in the As Samawah Wastes.

Calmly Killing His Sister With His Dagger, Nawaf Filled the Ancestral Cups With Her Blood, and Raised Them in Preparation for the Ceremonial Toast of Vengeance With His Brother-in-Law—a Toast That Was Never Drunk.

Type of Highly-Bred and Jewel Decked Arabian Woman Such as was Erring Princess Zobeid.

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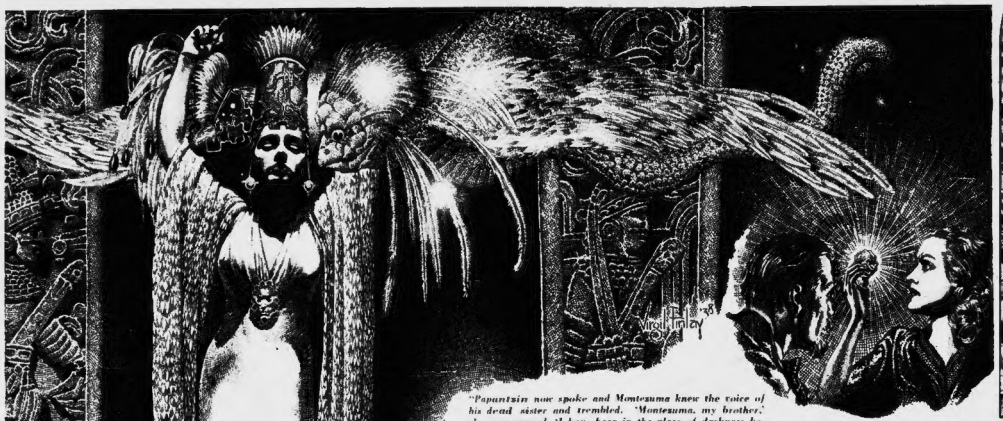
"Portals of Illusion"

by H. Bedford-Jones



"Papantzin now spoke and Montezuma knew the voice of his dead sister and trembled. 'Montezuma, my brother,' she murmured, 'I have been in the place of darkness behind the stars . . . I have come back to speak with you . . . Montezuma, my brother, you shall perish . . . and with you all our people, our whole race shall perish . . . This I have come to tell you——'"

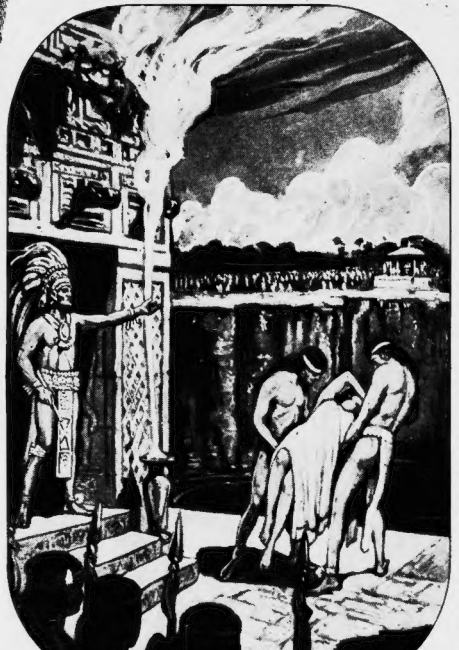
Montezuma, Proud but Superstitious Ruler of the Aztecs, Being Put in Chains by Cortez, Conqueror of Mexico. From an Old Print.

Romantic Moments in History When Destiny Hung on a Woman's Love for Jewels —a Series of Thrilling New Stories of Love and Mystery in Many Lands and Many Ages

WOMAN'S often fatal love for jewels has been sung by poets. And grave historians have told how this strange passion has sometimes changed the course of history. Jewels, too, seem to love women—far more than men. The American Weekly suggested to Mr. H. Bedford-Jones, following his successful "Empires of the Moon," that he write another brilliant series of short stories upon this affinity between supposedly lifeless gem and very vital woman.

"Portals of Illusion" is the result. The haunted gems into which she peers are the gates of vision for the sensitive Tamyra, revealing to her memories—for some believe jewels possess memories—of their highest moments.

"Portals of Illusion" for Tamyra—but were they illusion?



Hurling an Aztec *Maiden* Into the Sacred Pool at Chichen-Itza, Yucatan, as a Sacrifice to Win the *Good Will* of the Rain Gods Dwelling There—a Sacrifice Which Never Was Made *If the* Priests Were Obedient to the Code of Quetzalcoatl, the Only Aztec God Who Was Good and Kindly.

—From *"The City* of the Sacred Well," by T. A. Willard. Copyright, 1926, by the Century Company.

No. 10—The Face of Quetzal

"MY DEAR," said the Jeweler gravely, "I have a mysterious and perhaps ominous request—the man's on the phone now. Do you know Hubert Harold, the copper king, who owns many of the finest jewels in the country?"

Tamyra looked up at him, smiling. Her delicately chiseled features, so fragile yet so poised and clear, were all alive with expectancy.

"I knew it, I knew it!" she exclaimed, and clapped her hands. "I dreamed last night that I was to see wonderful jewels today! Yes, I know of Mr. Harold. Why?"

"He wants us to come over to his house now." The Jeweler hesitated. "Harold is a devil, I'm sorry to say. One of the richest men in the world, and the most unpleasant, the best-hated! But his wife is a darling, Tamyra. She's as sweet and gentle as—well, as you are!"

Tamyra broke into a laugh. "Never mind compliments, if he's waiting on the phone! What does he want us for? What's it *all* about?"

"I don't know; he won't say more than that he and his wife want you to *help* them out. I'm afraid, from his tone, something nasty is afoot. That man is diabolical."

"Help them out?" Tamyra's blue eyes widened in surprise.

"Yes. The Harolds go *in* for the occult—in a crude way. He's heard of your remarkable faculty of receiving impressions from jewels. As he understands it, you sometimes go into a trance *over* a gem. Of course, we know that's all nonsense, but I gather that he wants you to exercise your sixth sense on the Face of Quetzal."

"Oh!" Tamyra's face lit up. "The turquoise! I've heard of it. The wonderful turquoise that came from some old Aztec tomb in Mexico!"

The Jeweler nodded. "It's said to have mystic, occult powers; Harold paid a small *fortune* for it. Turquoise does have certain *qualities* we can't explain. In New Mexico the Indians set certain kinds of turquoise *in* a copper ring; this medicine ring, as it's *called*, does change color according to the *health* of the wearer. However, I'm uncertain about this errand for you, Tamyra. That *man* makes life a Hell on earth for his wife and I don't like his mysterious way of *speaking*."

Tamyra *regarded* him steadily. "You're afraid there's *something* behind it? I see. But perhaps we can do some good. When does he want us to come?"

"*Now*. He'll send his car for us at once."

"*Oh!*" Sudden decision came into her face. "*All* right. Promise nothing, but we'll go; *I'd* love to see the Face of Quetzal!"

The Jeweler withdrew.

Half an hour later, they entered a room where a man and a woman waited by a long table. Tamyra shook hands with Hubert Harold and Mrs. Harold. Harold was short and dumpy, superficially pleasant, yet with a vindictive, domineering cruelty in his visage.

The woman was not young. Her face was sweet and gentle, but fear lurked behind her eyes, a woman who to her dying day would hold the spirit of tender youth fresh and unsoiled . . . who captivated with a word and a smile, as did Tamyra herself.

But within the room quivered a brittle tension, and in the smile of Harold lay terrible things.

"It is very simple," Harold pointed to a morocco case and a jewel-casket, a box of carved wood, upon the table. "Here's the Face of Quetzal, Miss Tamyra. It was named after the Aztec god Quetzalcoatl. Why, we don't know. He was the only Aztec deity who was good and kindly, you remember, worshiped with fruits and flowers rather than with human sacrifice. Now, I've heard of your singular powers with jewels. I want you to tell me whether the turquoise has ever been kept in this jewel-casket; that's all."

"All?" repeated Tamyra, surprised. "Why, it's absurd, Mr. Harold! I never heard of such a request!"

"Oh, come, come!"

He smiled at her, but his wife did not smile. An almost agonized appeal lay in the gaze she bent upon Tamyra. "You can get the vibrations from the box, surely. The stone itself has strange properties. Surely you can tell me whether it's ever been kept in this casket!"

Why? His manner forbade the question, yet it hammered at her brain. The Jeweler wore a disturbed, uneasy air.

Tamyra hesitated, then nodded.

"Good!" exclaimed Harold. "Good! Here, sit down and be comfortable."

Tamyra sat at the table. The morocco case was opened. In her hands she held the Face of Quetzal . . . and the world turned over for her.

Yet, all the while, she was conscious of that dread expectance within the room. The pitiful, sweet eyes of Mrs. Harold haunted her. But the jewel, the jewel! She found herself quivering to it.

It was a lump of turquoise matrix as big as the palm of her hand. In the splotched, iridescent matrix was the face in pure turquoise, a face not worked with hands but a natural phenomenon, and absolutely startling in its lifelike air. No wonder the Aztecs had named it for a god!

A grotesque face, like that of a very ugly, lovable man, it wore an enigmatic expression which fascinated the eye and captivated the brain. A face of infinite pity, yet so powerful, so obviously emanating actual force and feeling, as to inspire a thousand wild fancies. It had hypnotic appeal.

Tamyra felt her mental faculties swimming; almost at the first glance this blue thing bedded in the matrix of copper-shot green exerted an overpowering influence. It gave her a vague sense of ability to do whatever she liked by its help, though she was at a loss for anything definite to do. Help, assistance, kindly exertion—there was the keynote of it all. About this face was nothing malignant; only fear breeds vindictiveness, and this face was above all fear.

SUDDENLY, Tamyra was conscious of the eyes of a woman regarding her. Her own eyes, she thought at first, for they were of deep blue, deeper than the turquoise. A woman, a very sweet and lovely woman, herself and yet not herself. Some woman she had known, perhaps. The features were familiar; sad and tender features, very gentle. A woman clad in a white robe, with a golden belt and sandals sewn with great pearls. A woman who stood beside a tree.

The scene enlarged upon her. What a tree it was! A cedar, with others like it roundabout; a huge cedar, fifty feet around the trunk. An old, ancient tree whose branches were hung with moss. A hillside, the gleam of blue water in the sunlight; and a man, whose face was hidden from her, kissing the woman and then drawing away. His voice came thinly.

"If he's determined to part us, to give you to the chief of these strangers, to sacrifice you—we can prevent it. Trust in me, Papantzin. I'll see you in an hour. First, settle matters with him. He is coming now."

The man disappeared from sight.

The woman turned and started around the tree. Above these cedars glinted a palace of stone, a glorious building decked with solid gold; the hillside was quartered by gardens. This was the hill of Chapultepec, the palace was that of Montezuma, lord of all Mexico. The water down below was the lake of Tezcuco, and beyond it, a mile distant, lifted the towers and pyramids, the teocallis of the gods, of Tenochtitlan, Mexico City.

The woman was Papantzin, sister of the emperor, the one person in this world whom the doomed monarch really loved. For doomed he was, his futile brain ridden by superstitious terror; the supreme lord of this lovely vale of Anahuac, of this whole wide empire, he knew himself lost, and had not the resolution or courage of a child to meet his fate. He believed in his gods, and knew they had deserted him.

He came to meet his sister at the big cedar, for he loved the tree and the view from here. He was a thin, gloomy man, sparsely haired, with flitting, vindictive eyes; like Papantzin, his complexion revealed very little Indian. He greeted her affectionately and drew her down beside him on the carved stone bench beneath the huge tree. In his hand was crushed a scroll.

"News?" she asked.

He nodded, his dull, hopeless gaze fastened on the lake, and gave her the scroll. She opened it, she could read the picture-writing as well as he, and her eyes dilated on the reports.

The Spaniards were close, and coming closer. They had conquered Tlascala, the fierce mountain republic, by aid of the monsters they rode, the picture of those horses, strange and terrible superhuman beasts to the Aztec mind, struck horror into Papantzin. Slaughter at Tlascala, pitiless slaughter, the Spaniards had gone on to the great city of Cholula. There, a massacre. No weapons could harm the white men; they had killed till their arms were too weary to hold sword, and their thunder-sticks had mown down the Cholulans by the thousand. Massacre!

"I am sending gifts to their leader." Montezuma said, with a groan. "Rich gifts of gold; and a wife, the proudest of all Aztec women, to appease his wrath and bring him to peace and alliance with us."

Papantzin shivered, under a cold chill.

"You cannot do this!" she said desperately. "You know that I love the high priest of Quetzal; you cannot give me, your sister, to this barbarian!"

Montezuma turned to her with a sigh. "Only sacrifice can save us, my sister," he said. "The gods have sent these people, have given all Anahuac to them. They are children of Quetzal, the prophecies have come true."

With heaving breast, Papantzin struggled against the horror that was engulfing her. Vain though it was, she tried argument once more. Montezuma had all the stubborn determination of a weak man, yet she tried. She had known his intension of sacrificing her for the past two days. Still, even now, she could hardly credit it.

"Listen, my brother," she said, calming herself with an effort, calming her voice. "Centuries ago, Quetzalcoatl came among our people, a white man from the sea. He taught us all the arts; taught us to till the ground, to write, to build. Then he went back to the sea in a boat, promising that some day he would come again, or his children, to dwell among us. These white men have come, claiming to be gods, his children. They kill, torture, rob; and you meekly accept all this as the will of heaven!"

A writhing shudder passed through Montezuma. Worshiped as a god, despostic emperor of millions, he was a slave to superstition.

"Who can fight against the gods?" he returned gloomily. "These men fight with thunder and lightning; nothing hurts them; they ride monsters. No army can stand before them; they've conquered Tlascala like a fire

(Continued on Page 14)

A Sacrificial Knife With Handle Carved in the Form of a Serpent, Found in the Aztec Sacred Well at Chichen-Itza.

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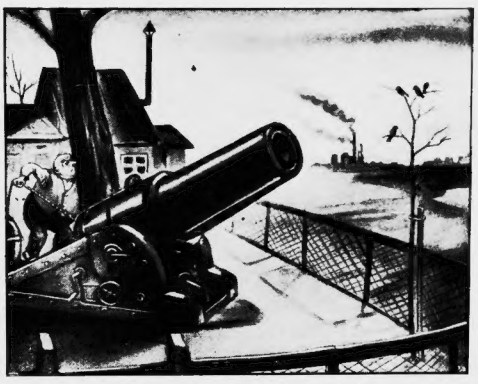
7 Blockheads—Are You One of Them?

If You're a Fixer, a Household Upsetter or Any of These Other Human Disasters, Study Artist Girod's Satiric Sketches and See How You Look to Others

No. 1 BLOCKHEAD—The Wife Who's Always Changing the Furniture Around and Who Can't Understand Why Her Husband Sees Everything as All Upside-Down When He Comes Home.

No. 2 BLOCKHEAD—The Overly-Polite Gentleman Who Bawls Out the Waiter and Annoys Everybody Else With His Elaborate Bows—His Favorite Hunting Grounds Are Crowded Restaurants and Hotel Dining Rooms.

No. 4 BLOCKHEAD—The Human Disaster Who Can "Fix Anything" and Does—So Nobody Else Can Fix It. Here Shadowed With Pincers and Sledge Hammer, Preparing to Mend the Fragile Clock, With His Wife in Agonized Opposition.



No. 3 BLOCKHEAD—The Man Who Blows Up Over Trifles—"shoots a Cannon to Kill a Sparrow," as the Old Saw Runs.

THERE are so many different kinds of blockheads that to classify them all would be like trying to list all the insects in the world. But on this page today are shown seven familiar types as portrayed by the satiric German artist Girod. If you do not recognize yourself in this collection, at least you may find some of your friends or relatives here.

First there is the "artistic" little wife who is never satisfied with the way the furniture is arranged and keeps changing things around —so that practically every time her husband comes home the house seems topsy turvy.

Then there is the man who makes a nuisance of himself by being too polite. This type is usually at his worst in public places —as Girod shows him in a restaurant, bowing so elaborately to display his good manners that he cracks his forehead against his companion's head, upsets the table, sends his chair whirling through the air.

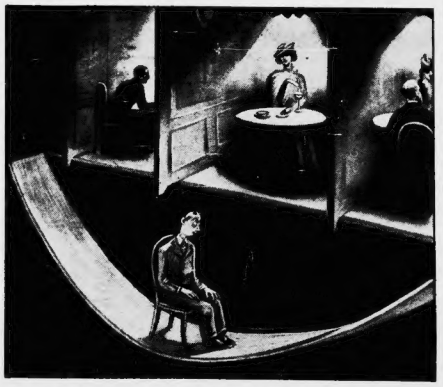
As the old saying goes, the blockhead who blows up over trifles is the sort of fellow who "shoots a cannon to kill a sparrow"—and that's the way the artist has portrayed him.

Everybody is familiar with the blockhead who can fix anything and does it, usually as it will never be the same again. The shadow of this household pest, with hands in the form of a sledge hammer and pincers, is shown menacing a fragile clock.

Another annoying type is the bore who impresses on his friends by showing off his knowledge. As a warning against letting such an educated fool trap you in his own library, Girod pictures him trundling in huge books by the cart-load, while three long-suffering acquaintances are undergoing torture.

A silly type, not so common nowadays as he used to be, is the shy, tongue-tied young man who wishes he could be as attractive as other men. Symbolizing his embarrassment, the floor seems to be sinking away under him, as his best girl gets further and further away and he gazes forlornly at congenial couples in the other restaurant booths. Equally silly, in Girod's opinion, is the rejected lover who tries to drown his sorrow in liquor—represented by a blockhead diving into a glass of beer.

No. 5 BLOCKHEAD—Ah, All Too Often Have We Suffered From This! The Host Who Insists Upon Showing Off His Superior Knowledge.



No. 6 BLOCKHEAD—The Young Man Who Wishes He Could Be as Entertaining as Other Men and Feels His Girl Growing Away From Him.

No. 7 BLOCKHEAD—Maybe No. 1—the Goof Who Thinks He Can Drown Love in Liquor.

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CHAPITA. — ¿Y que quieren?..... Es muy justo que un dictador busque algo en que distraer sus ratos de ocio.

(Dib. de Yépez)

Cartoon From the Magazine "Fantoche," Caracas, Venezuela, Commenting Upon the Haitian Massacre. The Caption Reads: "Chapita: (Trujillo's Nickname, Meaning Locket) 'Well, what are they beefing about? . . A dictator has to have something to amuse himself in idle moments.'"

No. 2—D
PECULIAR PEOPLE
O

PRESENTING its second unique biography of truly peculiar people, The American Weekly offers today Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, Dictator of the little Republic of Santo Domingo, next door neighbor to Haiti. Dictator Trujillo is also called by his subjects who value their security "Benefactor of the Fatherland," "Demi-god," "Clairvoyant Statesman," "All-Wise Father of His People," "Producer of Eternally Wise Laws," and other extraordinary titles—even to the blasphemous one of "Messiah."

This paragon started life as have a number of dictators past and present, as a bandit. Quite recently the world was shocked by the massacre of thousands of helpless Haitians, with peculiarly atrociously cruel embellishments by the Santo Dominican soldiers.

Here Mr. Carleton Beals, distinguished traveler, observer and author, acknowledged authority on Central and South American affairs, paints the portrait, as he sees it, of this peculiar person whose swollen pride is most gratified when his sycophants call him "Caesar of the Caribbean" or "Tyrant of the Tropics."

"FECHORIAS DEL BANDOLERO TRUJILLO" DA MARGEN A UNA ACUSACION
(De los periodicos)
TRUJILLO. — (Almirante, Generalisimo y Doctor). ¡Hablar de mis fechorias cuando yo soy un Semi-Dios!

This Is Trujillo. A Cartoon From the Spanish Language Paper "La Vez," New York, Showing Dictator Trujillo Bedecked With His Many Medals and Surrounded by Skulls. The Top Lines Read: "Crimes of Bandit Trujillo. The Scope of One Accusation." The Bottom Caption Is: "Trujillo: (Admiral, Generalissimo and Doctor) 'The idea of calling them crimes when I am almost God!'"

A Jacket of Buenaventura Sanchez's Banned Biography of the Dictator—"Trujillo, the Dominican Agony."

"Enrique Bravo, well-to-do farmer, learned he had and ordered killed. He escaped but finally was betr in the parlor with a big black cigar in its mouth. friends and leading citizens were required to hr drunken dance about

By CARLETON BEALS,

Authority on Central and South American Affairs, and Author of "Glass Houses," "The Crime of Cuba," "Fire on the Andes," etc.

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GENERALISSIMO RAFAEL LEONIDAS TRUJILLO, Dictator of the Republic of Santo Domingo, boasts that Europe's dictators have been successful because they have imitated him. No more fantastic and no more ruthless tyrant ever put on braid and medals than this present mouse-colored mulatto strong-arm man of the tropic Caribbean Island right at the doors of this country. It is only nine hours by aeroplane from Miami, Florida to San Pedro, forty miles from the Santo Domingo capital and less than a hundred miles separate the island from Porto Rico.

Columbus Plaza of the capital, Santo Domingo, could easily be paved with the bones of the victims of Trujillo's ruthless rule.

This statement is not quite correct. Santo Domingo, the oldest Spanish city in the new world, name unchanged for four centuries, is now called Trujillo City in honor of the Dictator. Columbus Plaza, where supposedly rest the bones of the great discoverer, is now called Ramfis Plaza in honor of the natural son of the Dictator.

Ramfis Plaza could even be paved with merely the bones of the Haitians recently slaughtered by the Dominican army and police. Not many months ago, from 10,000 to 12,000 peaceful Haitians—men, women, children and babies—were deliberately massacred.

Trujillo called this "merely a local incident." To quiet indignation outside his own domain, he finally paid $750,000 indemnity to Haiti. This figures out about $75 for each Haitian killed.

Farmers, workers, merchants, teachers—they were caught in the fields, on the roads, in their homes, in their beds, and murdered.

These industrious Haitians had not revolted; they had committed no crime; they were merely living and working quietly on alien soil of the Dominican Republic.

The Haitian government has more than nine thousand depositions taken by priests, doctors and army officers, describing these killings. For weeks the homes, churches, barracks, schools and hospitals along the frontier on the Haitian side were filled to overflowing with wounded and mutilated Haitians who had managed to creep or be carried across the border. Their heads were gashed and torn with machete blows; their bodies were raw with dagger thrusts; the breasts of the women had been sliced; little children had lost their fingers, their hands, their ears.

Around Dajabon, truck after truck dripping with blood and filled with smashed, mangled bodies, went by, to dump their loads of broken flesh and bones into the shark-infested sea. Other bodies were cremated with gasoline—huge pyres that smouldered on for days.

The wind carried the stench of burning flesh for miles. The skies were black with buzzards.

All over the country on a given signal, the police and army—no one else has weapons—were let loose on the Haitians. Men and women were chased through the sugar-cane fields, hammered to death with gun-butts, thrown into the sugar vats and roasted to ashes in a carnival of blood and terror.

On October 1, Dictator Trujillo appeared in person at the frontier. He was dressed in a blue uniform open at the throat. A red kerchief was knotted around his neck. He was prepared for action.

On that day 300 Haitians were killed in Banica. October 2, the President attended a dance at the church in Dajabon and in a speech boasted he was going to clear the country of "dogs, hogs and Haitians." Bishop Jean-Marie Jan—who is French and wears the Legion of Honor—has sworn that Trujillo declared: "I found that our people would be happier if we got rid of the Haitians."

"The President stamped his foot," avers good Bishop Jan, "and said slowly, emphatically, 'yesterday three hundred Haitians were killed at Banica. This must continue.'"

For days the killing went on. One man, hiding in a ravine, saw a big crowd of Haitians being herded along by soldiers. Pair by pair the soldiers killed them. Each pair was ordered to go twenty feet in front of the others and squat down. A soldier there brought down his machete on the neck of one, then on the neck of the other. Some were killed with daggers. The observer's affidavit says:

"They slashed again and again until they were dead. The Haitians were all screaming."

What were the motives of this? Elections were nearing. At such times the Dictator permits acts of terror, perhaps so no one will criticize his method of collecting ballots with bayonets. To kill Haitians would arouse a patriotic issue. It might even lead to war. He had long had a secret ambition to be a conqueror. He has a strong army, with munitions from Germany and airplanes from Italy. Haiti has only a small police force trained by American marines.

Already I have risked my neck by calling the Dictator "President Trujillo" and a "General." Recently he imposed a puppet as President in an election in which people could only vote "yes," but before then all public documents had to read:

Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina
President Of The Dominican Republic
Benefactor Of The Fatherland.

He considers himself the greatest man of our time and forces his oppressed subjects to declare so constantly. Congressmen, judges, mayors and others habitually compare him to Philip of Macedonia, Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Fernando Cortez, Napoleon, Peter the Great.

Mouse-colored Trujillo "outshines the most illustrious Egyptian emperors." He is called "Hero, Titan, Pontiff, Messiah, Demigod, Savior of the Fatherland, Clairvoyant Statesman, the All-wise Father of His People, Valiant and Brave Leader, Producer of Eternally Wise Laws."

He is also "Admiral" Trujillo, although it seems a bit of a comedown. Though Santo Domingo has only one dinky old coast-guard boat, which nearly foundered several years ago, the title permits still greater display of gaudy uniforms.

Generalissimo Admiral Trujillo is also Doctor of the University, not because he reads books or has attended school but because he was generous enough to sell the National University a piece of ground for the reported price of $100,000. This was the farm formerly belonging to Senator Mota, Jr., on kilometer 8 of the Mella Boulevard, said to have been personally sold to the Dictator for only $10,000.

And so it is "Generalissimo Admiral Doctor Trujillo," that the newspapers call him. Ex-Vice President Jacinto Peynado, a political lap-dog, whom the Dictator made President long ago, placed a colored electric sign three feet high on his private residence:

DIOS Y TRUJILLO
GOD AND TRUJILLO

Immediately after putting up the sign, the Vice-President, jokesters claim, rushed to fall on his knees before Trujillo to beg his pardon for putting the Deity"s name first. No wonder he has been made President. But Trujillo still rules.

He is weighted down with medals. His subjects sit up nights thinking of new jeweled crosses to bestow upon him and his near relatives.

One daily newspaper ran a series of articles on "Means of Deifying President Generalissimo Doctor Trujillo." The Listin Diario runs front page series in which prominent persons tell what they think of him. They pour it on thick: "Chosen of God, Everlasting Wisdom, The Incarnation of the Soul of the Dominican People."

Despite all this boot-licking, Trujillo takes no chances. He is surrounded by armed guards, rides in a bullet-proof car. Formerly he often received visitors with machine-guns trained on them; at banquets he ate with pistols on either side of his plate. Once a waiter dropped a dish and Trujillo grabbed his two pistols and squared off.

But to listen to all the cream-puff flattery, one would imagine that the Dictator is the best-loved ruler that ever held power. To listen to his own honeyed words, his heart is melting with love for humanity. He talks feelingly about his public works, his schools, how he toils night and day only for his people. He looks so dapper! Deep-sunken yellow-black eyes give him a suffering look. His barber takes pains to slick down his kinky hair. His Hitler mustache is neatly cropped. His numerous resplendent uniforms are always smart. His

ictator Trujillo, Despot of Santo Domingo and Greatest Little ne-Man Show on Earth, Ex-Bandit Who Owns Everything Worth Owning in His Caribbean Island "Republic," Changes the Divorce Laws to Suit His Own Needs and Boasts Other Dictators Won Power by Imitating Him

The Statue of Christopher Columbus in the Plaza in Front of the Great Cathedral Whose Construction Was Begun by Columbus in the City of Santo Domingo. The Indian Woman At the Base Represents a Wife Supposed To Have Been Taken by the Discoverer.

been denounced by the Trujillo government ayed. His body was taken to his home and put At the point of bayonets, Bravo's neighbors, ing their wives and daughters and join in a the dead man."

Trujillo and Senora Trujillo, From a Recent Photograph.

Quaint Old Print Showing Buccaneers Landing at Santo Domingo for Turtle Meat, and Various Native Birds Unconcernedly Looking On.

boots shine like a mirror. His manners are courteous and correct.

But out in the country he puts on scuffled shoes, yanks open the blouse of his uniform, knots a handkerchief around his throat, guzzles his drinks, tears barbecued meat apart with his bare hands.

Actually death stalks across the island; thousands of law-abiding Dominicans have been brutally murdered; thousands are in exile. No man's life or property is safe.

The little country in colonial days was a center of the finest Spanish learning; since independence, it has produced writers, poets, men of learning.

Today many of those writers and scholars are under the sod.

The Iron Boot is now the All of Culture.

Trujillo rules with the state. He rules with the army. He rules by personally owning the bread and rice and flour, all the necessities of the Dominican people. His immediate relatives occupy high political posts. The dictator and his family hold private monopolies on nearly all products. They control tobacco, liquor, prostitution and gambling and practically everything else that has worth-while money in it. Trujillo, a few years ago penniless, is now many times a millionaire. So are his leading relatives.

Besides the army and the police, Trujillo rules with the armed mob, known as "The 42." Members of the army, dressed as civilians, secret agents, and paid gangsters, commit depredations. Trujillo utilized such disguised hirelings when he first seized power in 1930.

President Horacio Vasquez, who preceded Trujillo, whatever his faults, was a decent statesman. He invited an American Commission, headed by former Vice-President Dawes to advise him on finances. Chief recommendation was the elimination of graft in the army of which Trujillo was then head.

To confuse the issue, Trujillo tumbled into confusion the contents of the army warehouses, destroyed records, arrested officers and soldiers who offered to testify to the American Commission. To escape death, several, among them Captain Baez, had to flee from the island.

After the American Commission had left, soldiers were dressed up in blue drill and armed. They staged a revolt. Trujillo refused to protect his superior, President Vasquez, with the troops, and so became Dictator. The revolutionary mob, christened by the people "The 42," became a fixture of his government.

The Dictator staged a machine-gun election. When the Supreme Court came to pass on the legality of the elections, "The 42" burst into the august hall of justice with rifles, pistols and daggers, drove the justices out into the street, tore up the records. Lieutenant-Colonel Federico Fiallo, with armed soldiers, made the rounds of the homes of the justices, terrorized their families, forced them to deliver all documents.

A few days after Trujillo's seizure of power, members of "The 42" forced their way into the home of Virgilio Martinez Reyna, former Secretary of State, a leading poet and writer of unblemished reputation, and murdered him while he lay ill by hacking his body to pieces with machetes. The machete is a blunt meat-cleaver like-instrument that tears rather than cuts the flesh.

Martinez Reyna's beautiful wife, expecting a child, was also hacked to pieces. Antonio Mirabel, an editor of Santiago, Cuba, viewed the remains soon after. No piece of either was longer than eighteen inches, he said—a thorough butcher's job.

A few days later, prominent General Trio Sanchez was arrested by soldiers and killed on the public highway. Senator Arias, who had helped Trujillo seize power, had his body hacked to pieces, his head carried through the streets by drunken soldiers. Vice-President Estrella Urena, Trujillo's own running mate, barely got out of the island with his life. His children were kidnaped. Emilio Reyes, prominent journalist, accused of criticizing the administration, was killed "attempting to escape." Former Minister of Treasury, Jose Brache, of high standing, criticized Trujillo and was shot down in front of Colon Theatre. An American woman, standing near by, Mrs. Davidson, was wounded. Francisco Reyes had his eyes dug out with a steel pick, was tortured and so badly buried that dogs dug up his body.

Over a hundred peasants, among others, were shot without trial in Nigua prison, the black hole of torture and death. I have asked Dr. Jimenez Grullon, a former student at Santiago, now editor of La Voz, a Spanish-language daily in New York, who recently spent a year in Nigua prison, to describe conditions there. He said:

"Nigua Prison, a malarial hole, celebrated for the horrible treatment prisoners receive there when forced to labor on public works, roads and near-by farms, has its own cemetery, known by the name of 'Camungui,' where are buried hundreds of bodies.

"Prisoners are subjected to physical and moral tortures to force them to disclose their supposed conspiracies . . . flogged with knotted electric light cables or with dried bull-hide, then sent out on public work, where the sentinel, rifle in hand, teaches them to gun-butt blows every time a pain-wracked prisoner takes a breath. The well and the sick—they must work even though sick with fever until they faint away, even then they are 'cured' with gun-butts.

"In this fashion, when I was there, Daniel Ariza died, a man, distinguished in the politics of his country . . . Though half-paralyzed, Ariza was put at hard labor after first having been pitilessly beaten. He fainted several times and was pounded with gunstocks and shortly after died. Another, Montes de Oca, unable longer to endure being tortured, hanged himself in his cell. A young student, Luis Heliu (grandson of a former President), contracted tuberculosis and went stark mad."

After about a year, 11 prisoners were given amnesty and released, but since then, five have been assassinated. Jesus M. Patino Cruz, of the bravest, purest and with cleverest understanding," was stabbed. His brother and father were also assassinated.

Only recently Enrique Bravo, well-to-do farmer, learned that he had been denounced by the central government and ordered killed. When soldiers came to get him he escaped into the hills, gathered together a small armed group, successfully attacked garrisons. For months he gave the Dictator a headache, but finally was betrayed.

His body, brought to Santiago, was tied to a chair in an open truck and showed off victoriously to the people. Drunken soldiers pulled the dead man's hair, slapped his face, knocked him over, sat him up again.

Next his body was taken to his home in Mao and put in the parlor with a big black cigar in his mouth. At the point of a bayonet, Bravo's neighbors, friends and leading citizens were required to bring their wives and daughters to a drunken dance about the dead man.

Two American citizens—Porto Ricans—paid with their lives for daring to criticize Trujillo. Edward Colom Piris, an eighteen year old student was arrested in San Pedro by Lieutenant Sinfuldo Minaya, after having presumably made derogatory remarks about the Dictator. Trujillo was in town at the time. That night Edward was taken out to an open field with two other prisoners, shot and buried on the spot.

Trujillo finally admitted the assassination and had Lieutenant Minaya arrested. He was at once killed, "attempting to escape." Further pressed by the United States Government, Trujillo paid the mother of the victim $5,000. Sons are killed cheaply in Santo Domingo.

The other Porto Rican killed was Juan N. Miranda, teacher and plantation-owner. Officials trying to steal his property, forged his name to a letter attacking Trujillo. Miranda was at once arrested, but released as innocent nine days later.

Shortly after, one evening, he was seen getting into the car of the Governor of the Province—with him, a municipal official and the Chief of Police of Barahona.

At dawn, a countryman, passing near a field where he had heard screams, discovered the arms of a dead body sticking out of the soil. It was Miranda. He had been hit over the head with a bottle. His body was riddled with bullets.

Miranda's family gave him proper burial.

(Continued on Page 15)

Pictorial Proof That an Elephant Never Forgets

LONDON

PETER ALLEN, a young British naval cadet, is no longer a skeptic so far as an elephant's memory is concerned. As a result of a recent experience with a pachyderm a fore and aft at the London Zoo, he is perfectly willing to remain anchored to his moorings hereafter and leave further investigations of similar nature to other venturesome shipmates.

As His Majesty's budding young seadogs are given a well-rounded education which includes such studies as natural history, geography and chemistry in addition to seafaring courses, Peter along with the rest of his class was taken to the menagerie to observe the animals at close range. All went well until luncktime when the boys, who were having a snack together on the park benches, watched an elephant go lumbering slowly by. It was Ole Bill, one of the most docile of the zoo's pachyderms that daily carries dozens of visitors for a short ride in his howdah.

As Ole Bill plodded peacefully along like a sturdy cargo boat on a calm sea, the cadets registered keen interest. Some of them are lads from rural England who never before had seen anything quite so huge. Peter, however, was city born. To him, elephants were old stuff. Why, just to show how unimpressed he was, he ran up to the elephant and, before his cronies' excited eyes, he actually tweaked its tail, as shown in the picture at the left.

Ole Bill stopped in his tracks. He turned his head and eyed Peter momentarily more in sorrow than in anger as if to say: "Hi sye, you've no right to hinterfere with me hofficial duties, m'lad!" Then he continued on his sedate way and Peter went back to eating his lunch.

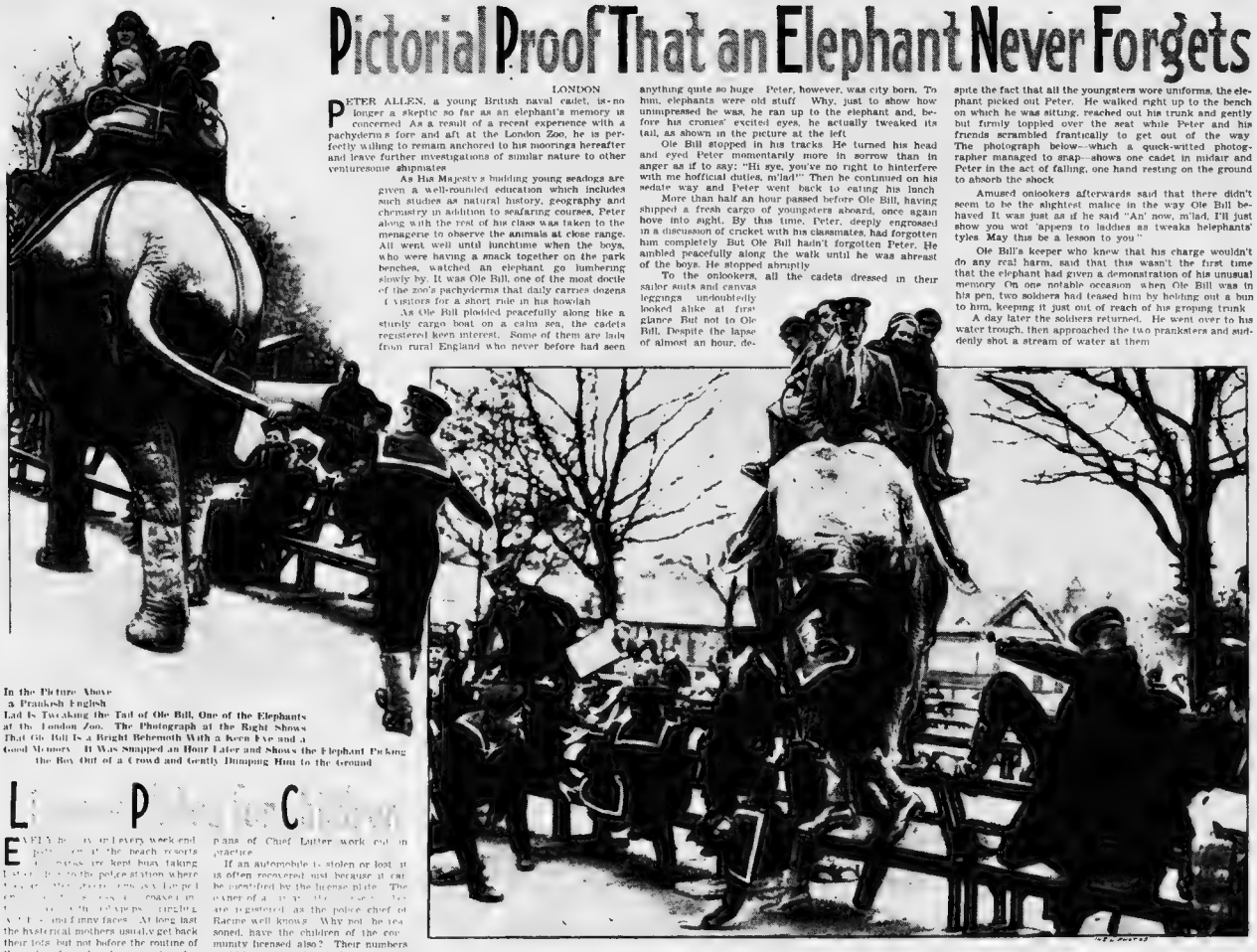
More than half an hour passed before Ole Bill, having shipped a fresh cargo of youngsters aboard, once again hove into sight. By this time, Peter, deeply engrossed in a discussion of cricket with his classmates, had forgotten him completely. But Ole Bill hadn't forgotten Peter. He ambled peacefully along the walk until he was abreast of the boys. He stopped abruptly.

To the onlookers, all the cadets dressed in their sailor suits and canvas leggings undoubtedly looked alike at first glance. But not to Ole Bill. Despite the lapse of almost an hour, despite the fact that all the youngsters wore uniforms, the elephant picked out Peter. He walked right up to the bench on which he was sitting, reached out his trunk and gently but firmly toppled over the seat while Peter and his friends scrambled frantically to get out of the way. The photograph below—which a quick-witted photographer managed to snap—shows one cadet in midair and Peter in the act of falling, one hand resting on the ground to absorb the shock.

Amused onlookers afterwards said that there didn't seem to be the slightest malice in the way Ole Bill behaved. It was just as if he said "An' now, m'lad, I'll just show you wot 'appens to ladies as tweaks helephants' tyles. May this be a lesson to you."

Ole Bill's keeper who knew that his charge wouldn't do any real harm, said that this wasn't the first time that the elephant had given a demonstration of his unusual memory. On one notable occasion when Ole Bill was in his pen, two soldiers had teased him by holding out a bun to him, keeping it just out of reach of his groping trunk.

A day later the soldiers returned. He went over to his water trough, then approached the two pranksters and suddenly shot a stream of water at them.



In the Picture Above a Prankish English Lad Is Tweaking the Tail of Ole Bill, One of the Elephants at the London Zoo. The Photograph at the Right Shows That Ole Bill Is a Bright Behemoth With a Keen Eye and a Good Memory. It Was Snapped an Hour Later and Shows the Elephant Picking the Boy Out of a Crowd and Gently Dumping Him to the Ground

L P [illegible] C[illegible]

EVERY [illegible] every week-end [illegible] at the beach resorts [illegible] cars are kept busy taking [illegible] to the police station where [illegible] are registered as the police chief of Racine well knows. Why not be reasoned, have the children of the community licensed also? Their numbers could be registered with the police, and a small identification plate with this number could be hung around the child's neck.

Just as the license number of the car gives the police a definite clue to the whereabouts of a strayed or stolen car, so the child's number might return him home before the parent even missed him.

Lots of times a child gets lost and is around the station all day," asserts the chief. "Under this plan we will match the number on the plate with numbers on file at the station and return the child to its mother in jig-time. However, the plan would be entirely voluntary."

Optimists point out that such plates attached at birth could usefully be carried from the cradle to the grave. One trouble is that just as auto license plates are often switched or tampered with, confusion might be caused by counterfeiting personal license plates or even erasing them. A little careless bookkeeping might also create a snarl. Imagine a frantic mother finding the right license plate on the wrong youngster!

AMeter for Blondes

JUDGES at a recent Golden Hair contest which was held in connection with the Long Beach, California, Golden Jubilee Celebration just wouldn't take any chances. With all shades of blondes from semi-titian haired gals to ash blondes insisting that they were "golden" blondes, picking the winning contestant was no job for the unaided eye. And so to be absolutely fair to all the attractive entrants, the judges brought science to their assistance with a "Blondometer."

This unusual device, variations of which undoubtedly will be used in future contests to match up the complexions and hair of entrants, is a scientific chromatic color scale in the shape of a horseshoe. Sections are marked off on it, each being a different shade of blondeness varying from the palest tint to the deepest.

This Blondometer is then placed about the contestant's head and the color of her hair is matched to scale just as accurately as a woman matches a bolt of material from a small piece of cloth. In the accompanying photograph a movable arrow indicates the shade of hair which corresponds to a section of the scale.

The girl in the picture is evidently the "golden mean" and that makes her "Toyo," as the arrow point in the hand of the attendant shows.

The "Blondometer," Recently Introduced at Long Beach, California, Accurately Measures the Exact Shade of Golden Hair.

Parents to Blame for Juvenile Crime?

(Continued from Page 5)

parental supervision - even the outmoded chaperone this could not happen.

Perhaps no condition regarding juvenile crime is more serious than the parent who says, "That couldn't happen to my child." I discussed this angle with a police official who said:

"Too many parents take the attitude that their children are perfect and couldn't possibly do wrong. When you consider that even the parents of convicted criminals think the same thing even after the state has proven their guilt, you can see what a dangerous attitude it is. A great step in checking juvenile crime could be accomplished if parents would stop looking on their children as demi-gods and remember that they are human beings all having the same emotions, all subject to the same temptations and all human enough to make mistakes at one time or another. No one, not even parents, can be sure how far children will be tempted nor to what extent they can fight these temptations."

Crime is no respecter of person or class. It is a mistake to think it is confined to the poor boys who rob and steal to get the things they want. This case from the records of the New York Police Dept. proves this:

It was my first visit to the line-up. I was startled when three boys mounted the platform to be questioned by Inspector Sullivan. I had been told that boys in their teens are not subjected to the line-up. One was fifteen, the other two were seventeen. The "brains" of the outfit, the real criminal was twenty-five. They had broken into the place where the latter worked and stolen the payroll.

The three boys were from wealthy families, lived on Park Avenue and went to an exclusive prep school. It was their first offense and because of this, they were treated kindly by the examining officer who seemed more anxious to save them from future crime than to punish them for the present one. They were later paroled in the custody of the head master of their school.

I was especially interested in the younger boy. I learned something of his background from the questioning at the lineup and wondered what condition in his life had led to this unfortunate situation. I had a chance to talk to him. He said he was bored and did it for a thrill. He didn't get any of the stolen money and didn't expect it when he went along.

I asked him about his home life. I knew something was lacking that made him commit a crime for a thrill. A few leading questions and I found that he had everything but the companionship of his parents.

He was an only child. His father was busy in Wall Street, piling up millions. His mother's time was devoted exclusively to society. He rarely saw them for more than a few minutes at a time and seldom ate a meal with them. He seemed surprised when I asked him why he didn't pal with his father. "Why," he said, "Dad doesn't have time to bother with me. He's terribly busy."

Then as if fearing I might think his father neglected him, he added, "Dad gives me everything I want—everything!"

Yes, Dad gave him everything but understanding and companionship, the two things that might have kept him from a boredom that led to a police record.

It was a pathetic story with loneliness and neglect in every line. The parents of that "poor little rich boy" thought they were doing their duty and being model parents because they gave their son everything that money could buy. I'm sure they'd resent it if anyone said they were responsible for their son's crime.

Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing Prison tells a story that illustrates the important part a parent can play in a child's criminal life. At 24 John Smith was a "lifer" in Sing Sing. He had a keen, analytical mind that had heretofore concentrated solely on crime. After settling down to the routine of a lifer at Sing Sing, his mind got busy analyzing his own predicament and what caused it. He became sullen and moody and shunned the other prisoners which made him very unpopular with them.

One day his mother visited him and he refused to see her. This happened repeatedly. It was so unusual that the guard reported it to Warden Lawes who instructed him to bring the woman to his office when she came again. On her next visit the warden sent for the prisoner, told him his mother was in the adjoining room and asked if he wanted to see her. The answer was a decided "NO." He questioned the prisoner on this strange attitude but the latter refused to answer.

Finally Warden Lawes said: "Smith, have you ever thought how a mother must suffer when her son is in prison—especially if he is a lifer?"

The prisoner answered. He wasn't impressed in the least. The warden continued: "Isn't that anguish enough without causing her the added suffering of refusing to see her?"

Smith snarled at him: "What about my suffering? I suppose that doesn't count!"

Then as if to settle the matter once and for all, he said, 'Okay, warden. I'll see her in here if you don't mind."

When his mother entered the prisoner turned on her and hurled a string of accusations at her that rendered the warden speechless. He rehearsed his whole life from his earliest childhood and repeated all the things she had done and neglected to do that had helped to make him a criminal. His story seemed endless and gathered momentum as he told it. All the pent up feelings, all the hopelessness all the despair that only a lifer can understand were in his voice as he accused her.

There was disillusionment in his eyes and despair in his voice as he finished his tirade:

"I've had two years to think about this and arrive at this conclusion and I'll have the rest of my life to hate you for what you've done to me!"

And then he fainted at his mother's feet.

Warden Lawes said that listening to the youth none could doubt the truth of all those amazing charges for there was a sincerity in each accusation that defied criticism and challenged a denial which didn't come from the mother. No one could fail to see how they had burned into his very soul. No one could help noting the indelible mark the realization of his mother's neglect had made on his heart and his mind. There was no forgiveness only bitterness over the endless punishment that must be his—a whole life in prison.

As they carried the unconscious prisoner from the room the warden looked from the youth to the mother. He weighed both their crimes and arrived at a conclusion that is interesting.

He said "MY SYMPATHIES WEPT FOR THE PRISONER—NOT THE MOTHER."

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No. 10—THE FACE OF QUETZAL

By H. BEDFORD-JONES

Figure of Quetzalcoatl, Whom the Aztecs Made Into a God From an Ancient Guatemalan Temple.

(Continued from Page 8)

devouring dry reeds. It is better to have them as friends and allies, lest they utterly destroy us."

"Coward!" exclaimed Papantzin poignantly. "Are you a woman or a man? Are you a warrior king or a soft and petted voluptuary?"

He only gazed at her with sad and terrible eyes.

"Taunts will do no good. I am doomed. I can feel it."

"Then go down fighting!" she cried. She lifted a hand pointing to the gardens and the menagerie of wild beasts. "If one of those jaguars came leaping upon you, would you hope to save yourself by throwing me to his claws? That is the alliance you prate about!"

"The gentle Papantzin preaching blood and fire?" He smiled at her, ironically. "So you love this priest of Quetzal. Well, you couldn't marry him in any event, not even a high priest can aspire to the sister of Montezuma. I'll have him killed tonight, so that you can more easily forget him."

"No, no!" she ejaculated, reading the calm purpose in his eyes and voice. "Don't do that! I'll agree to anything, if you spare him."

Montezuma shrugged lightly. As you like. It is unimportant. Perhaps I should have him killed anyway, and sweep the whole worship of Quetzal out of Anahuac! He spoke thoughtfully, musingly. "These white men are children of Quetzal, him!"

Her heart leaped. She knew he was perfectly capable of doing this: the death of a few hundreds or thousands was nothing in this land, where people teemed by the million. And the word of Montezuma was law.

"So you descend to sacrilege, you who pretend to reverence the gods?" she broke out hotly. "Beware, Montezuma! Beware lest Quetzalcoatl hear your words and answer them this very day! Beware of the god whose priests you would slay!"

Her spasm of anguish, of heart-hurtled fear for the man she loved, so pulsated and shrilled her words that Montezuma looked at her in awe and sharp alarm. Frightfully torn by agitation as he was convinced that he and his people were about to be overwhelmed by all the drifted doom of past ages, and accepting fate with an awful despair, the man was quick to be moved by any omen, by any appeal to superstition. His suspicious eyes flickered at her words and he rose.

Well, well, you may be right. I'll do nothing," he said. "At the same time, it might appease the god if his high priest were to be sacrificed to him. Hm!"

He strode away as though glad to be quit of the unpleasant interview.

Papantzin sank down on the bench, staring out at the glorious view with hopeless anguish as her brother had done, but with different reason.

It was true that she could not hope to marry a mere high priest. In that wistful, tender heart there was no thought of marriage: it was an unconsidered trifle. For the two of them loved had loved for years, and were wedded. Only the god Quetzal knew of this marriage, however, and Quetzal, luckily, would not tell.

A step, and she turned: her face lit up at sight of the man she loved, returning for word of her interview with Montezuma. He was a tall man holding his head very high more like a warrior than a priest, a man with features as firm, as gravely powerful, as though carven from bronze.

"Well?" he asked as he took a seat beside her on the bench.

"No hope," she responded. "It is terrible, terrible! He is sending me to the leader of those barbarians—as a wife. He hopes for alliance and friendship with them. The fool! As well he be allied with the mountain lion!"

"When?" came the calm, quiet question.

"He didn't say! Probably at once. And—listen! He spoke of sacrificing you, of killing you to appease the god! He even spoke of sweeping away the whole worship of Quetzal. I know that yesterday he sent a thousand slaves to be sacrificed on the teocallis of Huitzil, the war god."

"He might better tell them to win freedom by fighting these white men," said the other bitterly. "Poor Montezuma! He's like a child surrounded by evil phantoms. His terror-stricken mind is hysterical, helpless. In his mad panic, he'll kill anyone he'll even sacrifice you. Here, I brought you something, my dear."

From beneath his flower-embroidered robe he brought something wrapped in cotton.

"Take this. It is the Face of Quetzal, from the shrine of the god."

As Papantzin received the lump of turquoise, her lovely, tender features were crossed by astonishment, awe, dismay.

"But this is sacred!" she protested. "And there is no hope, my husband. The only escape is death. I shall kill myself rather than go to these white men."

"Suicide is a sin," said the other, brusquely. "I've served Quetzal all my life, now let him help us! Look upon his face. Pray to him as you study it. Quetzal is the god of corn and flowers and life and goodness: his features will inspire you with higher, nobler thoughts than mere suicide. If you have no escape except in death, pray to Quetzal for death. The only escape from death, likewise, is by his power, for he is the god of the resurrection."

She shook her head in hopeless despair.

"Death, and the darkness behind the gate—" she murmured. The man looked at her for a moment, took her hand and lifted it to his lips, then rose. With his thumb, he made the cross of Quetzal on her forehead, and spoke gravely:

"Have faith! I shall be here again at sunset, come if you have more news. There is always help to be had from Quetzal: trust in him!"

He strode away, she trembled, a pallor came into her face. As she looked after him, her sweet and gentle eyes were stricken with terror. Then she bared the turquoise lump that lay in her hand and stared at it.

The Face of Quetzal. Truly, there seemed a godlike calmness and power and benignity about this turquoise face in its lump of matrix: it held a kindliness, a comforting promise that banished the stricken look from her eyes and brought the color back to her cheeks and poise to her heart. Quetzal was the one god not worshiped with human blood and savage rites.

SO, on the rocky hill of Chapultepec, beneath the ancient cedars, the Princess Papantzin sat and prayed, and communed with the god. Above, lifted the gardens and palace. Below lay the lakes of Anahuac, surrounded by cities—half a dozen of them, glorious cities teeming with life; palaces and pyramids and temples of reddish stone richly glowing in the morning sunlight. Yet, all too soon, cities and people alike would be gone.

The Messengers of Montezuma Bringing Treasure to the Spanish Conqueror, Cortez, in the Hope of Propitiating Him. Cortez Accepted the Gifts, but Destroyed Montezuma's Empire and Terrorized His People. By Courtesy of the Artist, Victor White.

Beyond, rising into the sky, were Popo, the Smoking Hill, and his wife Ixtac, the Sleeping Woman. From the volcano poured up smoke and billowing misty vapor, more than usual, pressing activity in that fiery heart. The second mountain lay along the sky like a woman in death, and Papantzin shivered anew as she looked up at that snowy, deathly shape.

Then she stared again at the Face of Quetzal, and it seemed to her that those kindly, ugly features, so filled with personality, regarded her with an eternal reassurance, a message of peace and hope and firm reliance. Upon her spirit poured the calming breath of faith. Always she had reverenced this token of the god, kept within the innermost shrine of Quetzal. She, who had no heart for the bloody sacrifices of the other gods, had ever turned to Quetzal the compassionate, and now her despairing fears were put to rest, and she thought that Quetzal smiled upon her.

Sharply and suddenly, an hour past noon, came distillusioned dismay and grief.

With some ladies of the palace, Papantzin was in the tlachco or gaming courtyard, playing at dice, while slaves served chocolate and held ready coals for the tobacco pipes. An official appeared without warning and summoned her to Montezuma's presence, and in this instant all her laughter died.

She passed through the gay palace of carved and polished red stone, with cedar beams and ceilings and pure gold-sheathed pediments. At the door of the huge audience hall her sandals were taken by servants, and she was given a coarse cotton robe to don over her rich dress, for this was the custom.

Entering the audience room, which was filled with nobles and princes, she passed through the saluting ranks to a high golden screen at one end. An official announced her, she passed around the screen and stooped reverently, touching the ground with her hand. Even she, the sister of the emperor, must humble herself before this pale, gloomy man with tormented eyes, who sat upon a cushion with guards beside him.

"Sister," spoke Montezuma abruptly, "this evening when darkness comes, you are to be guest of honor at a feast of farewell; wear all your jewels and be merry of heart. At sunrise tomorrow you depart to wed the leader of the children of Quetzal."

Papantzin saluted him obediently, though the blood drained from her face.

"I obey, Montezuma. Let me ask your protection and favor for the high priest of Quetzalcoatl, and a cessation of all human sacrifices to the other gods."

"That is my affair, not yours." The vicious anger of a weak man whipped Montezuma's words. "Each day, a thousand victims go to the altar. As for this high priest of Quetzal, who does not love human sacrifice," and a sneer came into his eyes, "I've given Captain Xacatli of the guards special orders regarding him. You are dismissed, sister."

Proud and regal and smiling, Papantzin left the hall, but in her own quarters she went to pieces. She lay on a couch by the window, shaken by bitter, hopeless sobs, not for herself, though her fate was now certain, but for the man she loved. In the eyes of Montezuma she had read the ruthless, cruel truth.

Presently she sat up, took out the Face of Quetzal, and fastened wan, quivering eyes upon that turquoise visage, praying in writhing desperation against reality.

As she prayed, as she held the lump of stone in her cupped hands, no friendly smile came to that enigmatic face. Instead she fancied it to become more harsh, stern, commanding. A feeling of awe took hold upon her. In agony of spirit, she emptied her whole heart before the god. She made the sign of Quetzal upon her breast, the cross of the four winds, and uttered a despairing cry.

"Lord Quetzalcoatl, hear my prayer! If there is any hope, if you can give any help to me and the man I love, grant me some token, some sign!"

Her words died away, as a shuddering reverberation shook the air.

Cries of fright and alarm went up from the entire palace. Papantzin lifted her head. Through the window-opening she saw the Smoking Hill against the sky; a great burst of ashes and black smoke was billowing up from it. Quetzal had spoken!

The sun was sinking in the West when she came again to the great cedar amid its lordly fellows, and there found the high priest of Quetzal awaiting her. They embraced swiftly, he held her in his arms, as she poured forth all her dread story of the fate that menaced them both, and of his own coming death at the hand of Captain Xacatli.

"That is as may be," he said, smiling a little. "Trust in God, my love! Here"—and he gave her a small quill, such as was used for carrying gold-dust, but this held a dark fluid—"Empty this into your first cup of chocolate."

"What is it?" she demanded.

"Perchance it is the answer of the god Quetzal," he said. "At any rate, it contains much of the drug used in ceremonies, the sacred peyotl. Go to the feast, drink it, fear not!"

"But you?" She clung to him in acute spasmodic terror. "It's for you I'm afraid! He means to kill you!"

"He will not. Believe me, he will not!"

Palace women were calling her upon this promise, with one last kiss, she sobbed and left him.

That evening, in the gold-decked hall none observed Papantzin as she emptied the quill into her steaming chocolate and, half fearfully, emptied the cup. Music filled the air. Jugglers, alim, naked dancing girls, fairest of all the valleys, performed before the guests, but amid the blaze of gold amid the merriment, Montezuma sat with eyes of doom.

Abruptly, the air pulsated as it had done that afternoon. Wild cries arose, guards came running in with fright in their faces: the sky was afire!

The hall emptied. Even the emperor himself went with the others to the courtyard and looked up at the Eastern sky above the Smoking Hill.

There was outspread a great portent of red flame. And, as they stared up at it in dread, a shriek burst from the Princess Papantzin, and she collapsed. Montezuma knelt above her, then rose, and a groan was wrenched from him.

"She is dead. The gods have stricken her. Dead!"

He covered his face as the lamentations began to rise. Papantzin, almost alone in this palace of gleaming gold, had been deeply beloved.

Before dawn, when the ominous red portent of the gods had died out of the sky, a procession wound along the rocky hill of Chapultepec to the ruddy light of smoking torches and the sad music of wailing mourners. The emperor, his brother Cuitlahua, his nephew Guatemoczin, and all their household followed the bier to the portals of the royal tombs. Upon that bier lay Papantzin, princess no more; and within her dead hands was clasped the Face of Quetzal, which had been found upon her dead body.

From Tenochtitlan, from the summer houses and towns along the water, ascended the thin voices of lamentation, all the cities were mourning for the gentle woman who had been beloved by all.

Before the carven stone portals of the tomb, the guards halted, the procession ceased. Two torchmen alone went on, behind Montezuma and Cuitlahua, took up the bier of their sister, and followed into the dank, dread place of death where lay all the kings of Anahuac. A vast place it was of many chambers hollowed out in the hillside where the dead reposed among heaped treasures of massy gold, with jeweled masks bound over their fleshless faces.

To the chamber prepared for Papantzin, the bier was carried and set down. Here, piled around, were the belongings of the princess, her treasures, her jewels, her fair garments and scrolls and all the things she had loved. Montezuma, in tears, drew back the white robe that covered his sister. In the torch-glimmer, her body lay bare and beautiful like old golden ivory.

Quickly, Montezuma took off the robe he wore, a robe made wholly of the glorious feathers of the flame-bird, he drew it over the figure of his sister, covering her from head to feet, and turned away. The ceremony was finished. Offerings of fruit and flowers were brought in, and the procession departed again, leaving the guards, who would watch for three days outside the snake-carved portals of the tombs.

With morning, the emperor summoned the captain of his guards, Xacatli, a massive warrior, removed his plumed headdress, covered his gorgeous uniform with a coarse cotton robe and appeared before Montezuma.

"Well?" demanded the latter. "Is the high priest of Quetzal dead?"

"Lord of Anahuac, the man has disappeared," said Captain Xacatli. "I've searched the temple grounds, the temple itself, no one knows what has become of him."

"Evidently you do not fear death, since you make such a report!" replied Montezuma angrily. "Go! Find him within three days, or you die in his place on the altar of the war god, Huitzil!"

The three days of mourning for Papantzin were sped. The guards were withdrawn from the royal tombs.

Upon the emperor fell a paralysis of fear and despair, for more rumors brought in word that the white men were advancing. Their leader took his gifts sent back thanks and marched on regardless. Not alliance, but conquest, was his aim. Day and night, victims went to the altars, human hearts smoked before Huitzil incessantly, but doom drew on with inexorable tread. The children of Quetzal were coming.

On the fourth day after Papantzin had died, Montezuma remembered his threat and sent for the captain of the guards. Xacatli appeared before him, and rose from his salute.

"Lord of Anahuac! I have found the high priest of Quetzal."

"Is he dead?" demanded the emperor.

He is among the dead, where no man dares lay hand upon him. He has taken refuge in the royal tombs where none may enter."

Montezuma caught at his white robe and rent it asunder in an access of petulant fury. To disturb those royal dead was a sacrilege, punished by the most dreadful of deaths. More, it was in this case a direct affront to the emperor himself.

"How do you know this?" he demanded. Captain Xacatli saluted again.

"Lord, only an hour ago he was seen entering the royal tombs by stealth. The portals have not been sealed up since the Princess Papantzin was laid to rest. That work was to be done tomorrow or next day, the guardians of the tombs inform me. I've put men on watch, until I could learn your pleasure."

(Continued on Page 15)

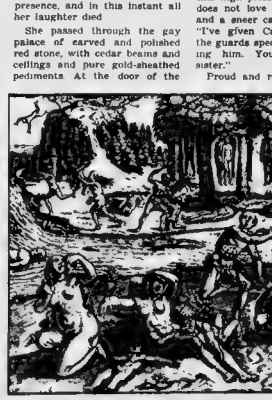
CULVER SERVICE

Montezuma II, Aztec Emperor of Mexico. From a Painting in the Collection of the Conde de Miravalle.

Revelers Are Taxed

A UNIQUE tax on revelers has been evolved by the city fathers of the little town of Ruma in Yugoslavia. All males found in the local cafes or restaurants after midnight are subject to a direct levy.

The tax is collected by specially uniformed officials who make the rounds of Ruma's night spots. Curfew regulations are somewhat lax in the Balkans, so the collectors are on the job from midnight to breakfast time. Owners of night places report no decline in business because of this ingenious taxation system.



An Old Print Depicting the Mass Suicide of Aztec Subjects of Montezuma, Who Preferred Death to the Cruel Tortures of the Spaniards.

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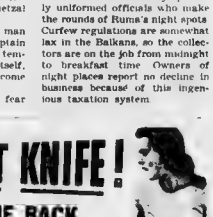

A KNIFE is always dangerous! Using it means the risk of infection. So don't take chances with old fashioned home paring methods that only affect the surface of a corn: leave the root to come back bigger, uglier than ever. Follow the example of millions who depend on the new double action Blue Jay method, because they know it's safe, scientific, quick acting. Blue Jay stops pain instantly by its freezing pressure, then in 3 short days the corn lifts out root and all (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Don't accept unknown substitutes. Be sure with safe, scientific Blue-Jay! Blue-Jay is a tiny medicated plaster. Easy to use—invisible. 25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

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REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL

*A ring of dead cells at base of corn. Up to corns and poultices. If left, corn starts all over again.

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PECULIAR PEOPLE

(Continued from Double Page)

Shortly after, his body was stolen from the cemetery.

Dictator Trujillo was born in San Cristobal and when a boy of fourteen acquired the nickname "Chapita" or "Locket" still used by his enemies, as a result of stealing a gold jeweled locket from the purple robe of the Virgin in the San Cristobal Church.

He and his father and brothers, California, Virgilio and Petan, among others, were members of the "Pepito Gang." The amount of cattle that disappeared from the neighborhood was alarming.

In 1911 Trujillo was employed in the government post-office and telegraph service. Funds disappeared. Trujillo suddenly abandoned the country. His enemies claim he was arrested numbers of times for cattle theft and that he served six months for forgery.

He engaged in several bandit revolts. The countryside was pillaged, cattle stolen, people terrorized, women violated. Meat and hides so stolen were sold to easy-going merchants in nearby cities. An order was out for his arrest and execution. He escaped into Haiti where he soon threw away all his money in gambling and libertinage.

Slipping back across the border, he worked as a common laborer on the Boca Chica sugar plantation. At country fiestas he got drunk on cane alcohol and danced to the tune of accordion and bamboo drum stretched with goat-skin.

During the American military intervention, through the influence of an uncle, Teodulo, Trujillo became a secret police-agent in the capital. His rake-off from gambling joints and the underworld he split with Teodulo. Finally discovered, he was kicked out.

Next, he was an armed guard on the Central Andres sugar hacienda.

Presently he joined the National Guard. Soon he left behind him a record of many abuses on the citizens of the little villages. Almost kicked out, he was protected by an officer for whom he used to perform peculiar services.

When the American occupation left the island, Trujillo had wormed himself into a captaincy. His company now terrorized the countryside. Peasants were rounded up, told to run for it, and were shot down like rabbits.

By various intrigues he secured rapid promotion, became a major. The head of the army was having an affair with the wife of Major Cesar Lora. Someone tipped off Lora, who killed his superior and his wife under a bridge across the North Yaque River. Trujillo became Lieutenant Colonel.

His next step was to intercept a forged letter, supposedly from General Buenaventura Cabral, head of the army, which he laid before President Vasquez, to prove his superior was plotting treason. Cabral was kicked out. Trujillo rewarded with the post. His next stunt was to betray the President and seize power himself.

In power, Trujillo rewarded his family, even distant relatives, with true Napoleonic generosity. He rewarded his own and others' mistresses. He set up a widely ramified family dynasty that holds every thread of Dominican life in its hands.

He named his brother, Virgilio, head of the army. One of Virgilio's stunts was to throw wealthy citizens into the black Nigua prison and keep them there until they signed over their property.

In a secret report to his government, October 19, 1932, Enrique Loynaz del Castillo, Cuban minister in Santo Domingo, told of the imprisonment of a Cuban citizen, Max Henriquez Urena, thrust into Nigua prison at hard labor, falsely accused of plotting. One day Virgilio had Max brought from Nigua prison to the fortress, and there laid before the prisoner a document in which, says the Cuban minister, Max was obliged to sign over "to Virgilio Trujillo a mortgage which Max had on the fifth lot on Independence Avenue, near the Guiba sea-baths. Max signed the transfer demanded." A few days later Virgilio let him out.

"Already," wrote the Cuban minister to his government, "Virgilio had previously set at liberty two lawyers arrested the same time as Max, after obtaining from each the cession of a house." Another, Fello Vidal, the Cuban minister remarks, is being held until he will turn over property. If he refuses, "I wouldn't give ten cents (un real) for his life."

While Max was in prison at hard labor, Minister Loynaz reported "Eight prisoners were deprived of their lives in the dark solitude by those slave jailers obeying the will of their master." Another night, five political prisoners were kicked across the courtyard and "killed within thirty yards of Max's cell." In an effort to terrorize Max into signing away his property, another night, they called out each prisoner by name, saying they were to be shot, then put them all back. "Another night in loud voices, prisoners were ordered to dig six graveyard holes in front of Max's cell."

In another secret dispatch to his government date October 25, 1932, Minister Loynaz reported: "A new conflict awaits us. We are obliged to protect, as is our duty, Cuban property against the insatiable and unscrupulous voracity of the honorable seizers of powers in this Republic. Against the brothers Elmudesi, rich Cuban merchants, the assault has begun. Their lawyer, Sanchez Cabral, has been twice arrested and intimidated twice. All the properties which they bought at public sale five years ago for fifty thousand pesos from legitimate heirs, named in London courts and sanctioned in Santo Dominican courts, have been attached at the instigation of Virgilio Trujillo, powerful brother of the President, who wants these goods 'for the family.'"

Mr. James Palmer, a British financier of Santiago, worth about a million dollars, died suddenly. His heirs in England appointed Mr. Harper, manager of the Ermenal Sales Company, to liquidate Palmer's assets, which he did in a satisfactory manner.

But the Trujillo family wanted a cut. A well-known member of "The 42" was utilized to declare he had assassinated Palmer in complicity with Harper. Practically all the properties were seized and divided up between Trujillo and Virgilio. Harper was thrown into jail and $40,000 demanded from him to secure his freedom. The two Cubans, long before this, had purchased part of the property.

On Saturday, October 15, the Cuban minister reported: "Angel Elmudesi was ordered to present himself at Ozama Fortress, a place chosen to frighten him. Virgilio was there accompanied by his father (Pepino Trujillo), no less vicarious than the Trujillo sons. Without beating about the bush, he told Elmudesi: 'We are going to fix this up. Deliver me half these properties.' Elmudesi, without getting frightened, refused. The honorable one insinuating that Palmer, the rich Englishman, had been murdered.

"Elmudesi, refusing to take this as a threat against his own life, said that he had bought the properties from the legal heirs." He was given time to think things over.

Again ordered to present himself on October 26 "and bring plenty of expense money," Elmudesi, since his lawyer was already in jail, sent word he was sick.

Shortly after, the Cuban minister himself was obliged to flee for safety into Haiti; most of Palmer's properties soon came into the hands of the Dictator's family.

Virgilio was succeeded as Minister of War by another brother, Anibal, an ex-cattle rustler, who continued such abuses. He forced well-to-do people to turn over their properties to him in return for promises to pay, never honored. Anibal has also "retired" to cultivate his rich estates, the crops being handled through the President's national monopolies, and a third brother, Hector B. Trujillo, was named Minister of War.

Another brother, Arismendi ("Petan") is a high army official, and with the Dictator has a monopoly on the banana industry, on all building stone in the Republic, on bridge and road tolls.

"Pipi," another brother, is also a high army officer, and with Trujillo's ex-mistress, Maria, has a monopoly on all wood and coal sold in the Republic.

Trujillo's brother-in-law, Jose Garcia, is Secretary of the Interior, the key political post of the Republic.

The National Lottery has been rented out for a song—thus making a two-way profit—to a dummy operator, representing Ramon Savinon, another brother-in-law, and Trujillo.

Trujillo's son-in-law, Porfirio (cousin of Luis Rubirosa, "Chichi," the gambler, under indictment for murder in New York), has held numerous official posts and is now in Paris.

Flor de Oro (Flower of Gold), Trujillo's daughter by a hazy early marriage, has gotten rich by constructing big houses which are rented to the government at fancy figures.

Trujillo himself is the leading stockholder of the San Rafael Insurance Company, established without capital, a monopoly which forces all employers to insure their workers. An American who previously came to Santo Domingo to start up an insurance concern, was soon thrust into jail until he would agree to take Trujillo into partnership. He refused and, forced to flee the island, lost his investment.

The President also controls the FADOC shoe factory. A high duty keeps out foreign shoes. He has the entire national commerce in cattle, flour, salt, rice, meat, olive oil, milk, butter, sugar and bananas. The price of sugar, now dark and dingy, is threefold what it used to be. His salt monopoly, made possible by military action against the properties of an Ecuadorean, Jose Maria Urbina, has boosted the price of salt five times, and it is now dangerously adulterated with copper sulphate. Trujillo has, among many estates, a 3,000 acre rice ranch. Sale of rice from this and other estates constitutes a national monopoly. Trujillo owns barber shops, clothing stores, hat stores.

Amadeo Barletta, the Italian Consul, representative of the General Motors Company, was competing, with large American capital behind him, with the Dictator in the tobacco business. Barletta was thrust into jail on a conspiracy charge, accused of plotting to kill Trujillo. There was not a shred of evidence against him, but he was sentenced to two years at hard labor and fined $200,000.

The Dictator's vanity has to be constantly flattered. Not only has the capital city been renamed Trujillo, but a new province called "Trujillo" has been created. Santiago has a "Trujillo" suburb, one street named "President Trujillo" another called "Generalissimo Trujillo," another called "Jose Trujillo Valdes" (the President's father), another "Julia Molina de Trujillo" (the Dictator's mother). Streets, plazas, parks, roads, bridges, schools, buildings bear these names throughout the country, or that of "Ramfis," his natural son. Trujillo's bust, covered with medals, stands in the Parque de Vega; other monuments to him are scattered over the country. Mount Pelona, the highest peak in the West Indies, has been renamed "Mount President Trujillo."

Women have played an important part in Trujillo's life.

Long ago, he married in the church, a woman nicknamed "La Tzarina" (mother of his daughter, Flower of Gold), whose identity is no longer known.

When he became an officer of the guard he met his future mistress, Maria Martinez, a hefty handsome laundress, coarse, jaunty, good-looking and sultry.

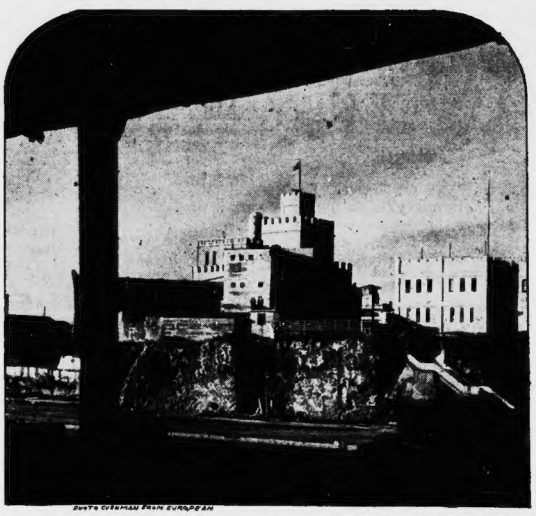

PHOTO CUBAN-PAN EUROPEAN

View of the Imposing Fortress at the City of Santo Domingo, Capital of the Santo Domingo Republic. The Name of the City Has Now Been Changed to Trujillo City, in Honor of the Republic's Dictator.

No. 2—Dictator Trujillo

But beneath her physical passion she had limitless ambitions, greed and cleverness, was ever cold and calculating as to what she wanted. She was to become the lode-star of Trujillo's life, his adviser and business-partner.

To her he sent the laundry of his army company, and later contracted with her for the doing of the laundry of the whole army. She became a go-between in the providing of army supplies. She was in the loan business, buying up unpaid soldiers' wages at a big discount and cashing in at full value from the government. Later, she took over from "Pipi" Trujillo the monopoly of all wood and coal in the capital, acquired the army bakery, and a hardware store that also supplies the army.

She taught Trujillo new ways to make money out of his positions. She helped him win advancement and get ahead.

But presently Trujillo's eyes fell on the beautiful Bienvenida Ricardo, daughter of a good and well-to-do family of Montechristi. She filled the cultured requirements of a man destined to be important. He and Bienvenida were married in the local church with pomp.

Maria, his mistress, who had been angling for this honor herself, was pretty furious, but kept her own counsel, let nothing interfere with her relations, business or otherwise, with the Dictator. She was sweeter to him than ever. Presently she gave him the natural son Ramfis—and thus increased her hold on him.

When little Ramfis was going on four, the Dictator had Congress name him a colonel with a colonel's pay. Flowery Congressional speeches eulogized "the Titan" and his "illustrious" son. Trujillo was compared to Philip of Macedonia; Ramfis, to Alexander the Great.

From then on, little Ramfis, decked up in ever new, more elaborate uniforms, every day sat by his father in councils of state and in social gatherings. The little fellow was unctuously bowed to by Ministers of State, by foreign diplomats and their wives; he was saluted by generals. Dutiful subjects bestowed on the small colonel so many gold medals he could scarcely stagger under them all.

Little by little Maria found means to change, so it is reported, the Dictator's mind against his wife, Bienvenida.

For Ramfis' sake—Maria is said to have argued constantly—the President should put Bienvenida aside and marry her. Ramfis had been honored, but it was making the Dictator ridiculous—the one thing he couldn't stand.

Bienvenida, his wife, finally went off to Paris, and Santo Domingo suddenly had a new divorce law.

Sure enough, Trujillo was soon divorced, and Congress named his mother as "The First Lady" of the land. Maria smiled slyly. She had won. In another elaborate church ceremonial the Dictator's long-standing mistress now became the First Lady. The country had had three First Ladies in the space of a few months.

Bienvenida, returned from Paris and the Dictator discovered that she was remarkably attractive after all. He resumed relations with her, showered her with favors, shares in his tobacco company, jewels, a mansion in Cibao, military servants in attendance, an automobile with the Presidential plaque. Presently two attempts were made to assassinate her. All Santo Domingo wondered which had really won, the laundress or Bienvenida.

Before long Bienvenida, now the mistress, returned to Paris to have a baby—a girl.

The Dictator, having wanted a legitimate child to carry on, was a bit chagrined. Now, among others, he had two natural children publicly acknowledged.

Once more the divorce law has been changed overnight. Now, on the petition of either party, without cause, a divorce must be granted within twenty-four hours. Trujillo is reputed to be looking lovingly upon another lady of high Dominican degree.

Trujillo is one of the Latin American dictators who has been flirting with the Fascist powers. The Haitians were killed, it is said, in part with German arms. Trujillo also recently received, according to Dr. Morales, Italian bombing planes with Italian pilots. Recently Trujillo was negotiating with Germany to settle 40,000 Germans along the frontier on the lands of slaughtered Haitians.

Dictators should stand together.

PORTALS OF ILLUSION

By H. Bedford-Jones

(Continued from Page 14)

Montezuma plucked at his thin lips.

"You have done well," he said. "Say no word of this to anyone; keep it secret. Put guards around the tombs. An hour after sunset, tonight, you'll enter the tombs with me and seize this man. We may not profane the house of death with blood, but I've sworn that he shall go to sacrifice, and go he shall."

The captain saluted and withdrew. Within a few moments, the carven portals of the royal tombs were under strict watch and ward. The stones stood ready to seal up the opening, but all work was halted.

And the high priest of Quetzal, looking out from those ghostly caverns of the dead, perceived himself trapped beyond any escape.

THE day dragged its length away. The sun went down like glowing fire in the West; from the teocallis, from the temples and pyramids of Tenochtitlan, ascended the smoke of sacrificial fires, the thin distant voices of victims, the ceaseless drumbeats of throbbing drums. From the Smoking Hill in the sky rolled up the lurid bellowing smoke, gradually changing with darkness to the red wrath of omen, the sword of fire that stretched across the Eastern sky to foretell the doom of Anahuac, and the destroying fury of the gods.

Outside the entry to the tombs, torches burned and guards stood alert. They bent in sudden salute, when two figures appeared within the radius of light: the emperor himself, and with him Captain Xacatli. Montezuma halted and looked at the guards with his gloomy, ravening eyes, the eyes of a terror-haunted weakling.

"Have you seen or heard anything within the tombs?" he demanded.

The men looked fearfully at one-another, and their commander saluted.

"Lord of Anahuac, we have seen nothing. But we have heard a voice, as it were the voice of a man praying to the god Quetzalcoatl."

"Good!" said the emperor. "We have him. Xacatli: Pick two men to go in with us."

The captain selected two of the guards, but they demurred.

"Lord," said one, "we do not dare to walk among the dead—"

"Kill them," snapped Montezuma, and it was done. He looked gloomily at the two corpses and grinned. "Pick two more. We'll need torches."

Xacatli picked two other men, who obeyed in silence, lighting torches from those already burning, and going to the entrance. Montezuma and the captain followed.

Inside, the torchlight flickered about the huge reception chamber, which was all empty and echoing. Montezuma gestured to the entrances of the tomb-chambers, and took one of the two torches.

"I go to look once more upon the face of my sister Papantzin," he said to Captain Xacatli. "Go with the others and find your man and drag him out."

The ruddy torch blazing as he held it aloft, he went to the room containing the body of Papantzin, while the other three set about their search.

He came into the chamber and held his torch high, half expecting to find the priest of Quetzal here; only the figure of Papantzin, still draped in the feather mantle, met his eye. He approached the bier slowly, and slowly stretched forth his hand to draw back that robe from her face, desirous of looking upon her once more, yet dreading the changes that come with death. But as he touched the robe, he was suddenly stricken aghast, frozen in every nerve and muscle.

The body beneath the feathered robe had moved.

It moved again as he stared at it with distending eyes. The hand of the dead Papantzin came from beneath the mantle and lifted; before it fell again he recognized her hand and the rings upon it. He was voiceless, petrified; his hair rose on end. So utterly appalled was he that he never even heard the cry of a man that echoed through the outer chamber, the cry of a man smitten to death.

Again came movement beneath the robe. Montezuma recovered his faculties; horrified, his flesh acreep, he turned and strode out of the room, in frantic flight from the dead thing behind. He stumbled over something and went on, not seeing that it was the body of Captain Xacatli with an arrow through his throat.

On he went to the entrance, and there halted, struggling to get himself in hand. But as he paused, he heard a voice: and it was the voice of the dead Papantzin. He stepped outside with such frozen horror in his face that the guards stepped back in terror; he heard a slight noise, and whipped around.

Behind him, in the tomb entrance, stood his sister Papantzin, the feathered robe covering her body, but her face exposed and bare to recognition. And now she spoke, and he knew her voice, and trembled.

"Montezuma, my brother!" she said, in her sad and gentle way. "I have been in the place of darkness behind the stars; and I have come back to speak with you."

She was so close that he could have touched her. Fear paised him: his arm shook so that the torch slipped from his nervous hand and fell to the earth. The other torches to right and left still burned. Montezuma tried to speak, and tried again, but no sound came from his lips.

"I warned you, my brother," said that sweet voice, piercing him through and through. "You would not listen to me. You doomed me to infamy, and the god Quetzalcoatl gave me death to save me from that fate. He has sent me back to speak with you. You have tried to slay his high priest. You twist and twist in every direction like a snake, striking at anyone and everyone in blind, venomous terror."

Montezuma tried again to speak, and again failed. Her

(Continued on Page 17)

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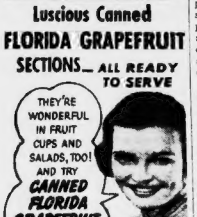

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
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HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

WHAT AUTO DRIVERS OUGHT TO EAT

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph.D., Sc.D.,
Author of "Increasing Efficiency" (Harpers). Contributor to the Cyclopedia of Medicine.

MODERN and rapidly growing knowledge about diet brings up many strange practical applications. None seem stranger to the average person than the discovery that about 10 per cent of automobile drivers are risking their necks — and the lives of others — because of a dietary lack.

Statistics prove that the hazard of automobile accidents is greatest after dark. This is partly because one out of ten automobile drivers is a victim of a food lack which produces an unusual condition known as night blindness. In broad daylight his eyes do not give any particular handicap, but when twilight falls his eyes are erratic and perform in a totally untrustworthy way — all due to lack of vitamin A.

When there is even a slight lack of vitamin A the precious visual purple in the sensitive retina of each eyeball loses its power of regeneration after being stimulated. Vitamin A is essential for healthy visual purple; good working visual purple is essential for good vision, especially at night, and good vision is needed to avoid many night auto accidents. That is the vicious cycle from which one out of ten adults in the United States is suffering, and in most instances without realizing it.

Night blindness is more common among children. In Iowa it has recently been found that one-fourth of farmers' children were night blind and slightly more than half of the city youngsters also had this condition. Further study showed that almost every one of these cases of nyctalopia, or night blindness in plain English, was completely cured when the children innocently suffering from it were fed unusually generous quantities of vitamin A foods.

At a recent meeting of the American Medical Association a new instrument, the biophotometer, or life-light-measurer, was demonstrated for determining a person's exact need for vitamin A. This was done by simply looking into a darkened hood at the far end of which were lights and gauges showing how the visual purple acted under light and dark. Many physicians are now using this speedy test to guide their patients' special diets.

No one will go wrong in playing safe and eating lots of foods which are rich in vitamin A. A great deal of this vitamin will not harm, especially in foods that are tasty and served in wide variety.

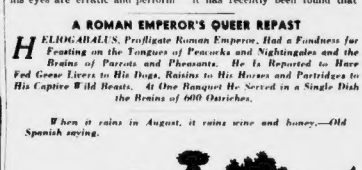
Don't cut the fat off your helping of meat and give it to the cat or dog — that is the part of the meat which is richest in the eye-protecting vitamin. Liver is as good for this as it also is for "thin" blood. Greens, such as spinach, turnip tops and mustard greens are tops for this vitamin. Not to mention tomatoes, butter, rich milk and, of course, our childhood friends, cod and halibut liver oils. Carrots, too.

Have plenty of these vitamin A giving foods in your tummy for a month before you slip behind the steering wheel at dusk. And make them a regular habit so your night eyes will keep you out of an automobile accident.

A ROMAN EMPEROR'S QUEER REPAST

HELIOGABALUS, Profligate Roman Emperor, Had a Fondness for Feasting on the Tongues of Peacocks and Nightingales and the Brains of Parrots and Pheasants. He Is Reported to Have Fed Green Livers to His Dogs, Raisins to His Horses and Partridges to His Captive Wild Beasts. At One Banquet He Served in a Single Dish the Brains of 600 Ostriches.

When it rains in August, it rains wine and honey.—Old Spanish saying.



FAVORITE RECIPE OF THE FIRST LADY OF PENNSYLVANIA

KEYSTONE STATERS make no secret of their pride in four famous foods: scrapple, pepper pot, ice cream and cream cheese. They are strangely quiet, however, about one delicious dessert, brownies. And here is the reason why.

Brownies are made tenderly and carefully, so that they fairly melt in the mouth. They are a treat which a Pennsylvania housewife reserves for her husband when she is especially pleased with him and a dessert to which the kiddies eagerly look forward.

Mrs. George H. Earle, wife of the Governor of Pennsylvania, is fond of cooking brownies herself. Here is her favorite way of preparing them:

- 6 eggs
- 4 cups granulated sugar
- 2 cups flour
- 2 cups chopped walnuts
- 2 cups butter
- ½ pound chocolate (8 squares)
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Melt chocolate over slow fire. Have butter soft, but not melted.

Mix all ingredients thoroughly together for five minutes; stir, do not beat.

Pour in flat, buttered pan and bake in very slow oven for thirty minutes. Cut in squares when cool.

CHILDREN EAT GREENS—WHEN SERVED FIRST.

POINTING out that salad as a first course, instead of following the heavy main dish is rapidly gaining in popularity, Ross H. Gass, food authority, recently said: "Children who generally refuse salads and fresh vegetables can be encouraged to eat them if they are served first—when other foods are in prospect rather than in their stomachs."

MOCK FISH THAT PLEASED A KING

THE King of Bithynia While on a Winter Campaign Against the Scythians Far from the Sea Expressed a Longing for a Dish of Aphy, a Small Fish. His Cook Cut a Turnip Into the Exact Shape of the Fish, Fried It in Oil, and Sprinkled It With Black Poppy Grains. The King Was Not Only Deceived but Delighted and Praised the Fish Highly to His Guests.

A REVIVER FOR A LANGUID APPETITE.

FOR generations the Chesapeake crab, the large blue-clawed variety, whose native haunt is the deep, cool waters of the Bay has had a particular appeal to gourmets in the summer months.

Crab Salad, Maryland served on crisp, tender lettuce leaves, garnished with slices of hard boiled egg, celery julienne, pimientos and sweet green peppers, with bits of finely chopped parsley bursting through here and there, not only is easy to prepare on a hot evening, but what a dish it is to whet the languid appetite.

Here is the favorite salad recipe of Chef Louis B. Fiora, of the Merchants' Club, Baltimore:

Season one pound of lump Maryland crab meat with one teaspoonful of worcestershire sauce and mayonnaise to taste.

Chop fine, parsley and chive, mix well with crab meat and serve in bowl on crisp lettuce, garnished with julienne of celery, pimientos, sliced green peppers and hard boiled egg, sliced thin. This serves three.

WHEN SOUP WAS ALL COLORS OF THE RAINBOW.

IN the 14th and 15th Centuries, the color of a soup was as important to a diner as its taste. Chefs vied with one another to prepare soups which were brilliant reds, greens, oranges, blues and even purple.

One of these which turned out golden in hue was concocted by the cook of King Richard II of England in 1390. Here is the quaint recipe:

Take almands brayed, drawe hem up wyth wyne. Boileit. Cast thereon saffron and salt. Take hole, ytrotted in wyne. Lay thereof a layer and another of the wyne and alle togedyre. Florish it with sugre, powder gynger, and serve hit forth.

HOT WEATHER SALAD

By Dr. Clare Christie Donahue.

Select even-sized cucumbers, peel and cut lengthwise. Scoop out seedy part from center. Fill in well with cream cheese to which has been added finely chopped nut meats, parsley and seasoning of paprika. Place in ice box to chill until very firm. Slice stuffed cucumbers very thin and arrange slices in circle, overlapping on bed of lettuce or cress. Spoonful of mayonnaise in center.

AUGUST

1	M.	1619 First watermelon brought to Virginia from Africa by English slave trader.
2	Tu.	1858 Victoria, newly crowned queen of England, drank a glass of ice water from the hand of Field.
3	W.	1492 Start of world's longest ocean voyage: Columbus sailed from Spain for India by way of America.
4	Th.	12 B.C. Paulus's eggs sold for 20 a penny in Rome.
5	Fr.	1600 Nan Peppys tasted his first cup of tea. Read his diary.
6	Sa.	206 B.C. Chinese ordered to build stone wall to keep out barbarians. Some husbands now do likewise in spring.
7	☾	☾ in apogee.
8	M.	1941 English Peppers and Sisters form "Eat Grocers' Guild. Wot, no canned goods?"
9	Tu.	1858 Turkish Ambassador introduced coffee to Paris.
10	W.	1917 American doughboys introduced "Jazz" to Paris. After cheering girls, their corpses and bass and eggs.
11	Th.	Harvest ☉. Songwriters working overtime.
12	Fr.	Should be stormy. ☿ and ☉ inviting.
13	Sa.	1865 Mushrooms (both mushrooms) first mentioned in Southwell's poems.
14	☽	1295 Marco Polo, first traveling salesman finds spaghetti. Chinese inventor. Polo takes back to Italy.
15	M.	1915 Italians make sending spaghetti back to China.
16	Tu.	1531 English girls cut fresh oats while walking backwards to bed hoping to see future husbands. How foolish!
17	W.	1429 Joan of Arc lived on wine soup for weeks at a time.
18	Th.	1790 This was Washington's day for weekly dinner guests who ate at 4 o'clock. Quite early.
19	Fr.	1309 Philippe le Bel of France gave housewives permission to bake their own bread at home.
20	Sa.	1309 French housewives pan Philippe le Bel, instead of bread.
21	☽	☽ Evening Star until end of year.
22	M.	1793 Bushing tomato first served publicly in Paris by Antoine Feuvrillers.
23	Tu.	1790 Ice cream served at dinner of Thomas Jefferson. Not to be guessed at.
24	W.	1790 King Richard II of England was served soups of many colors.
25	Th.	1944 Peas were food of the God Thor and are still eaten on this day in Germany.
26	Fr.	Ancient Greeks believed earthworm curled up like snails in thunderstorms. Modern variety doesn't seem to care.
27	Sa.	1903 Ice cream made in Italy.
28	☽	1776 Tea cream brought to America. Kids still happy.
29	M.	☽ Morning Star until Oct. 18th.
30	Tu.	1790 France, Courtesy of Lavoisier introduced progress to dinner. Squabbers ushered in.
31	W.	August 1937 was hottest on record.

EGGS PONCE DE LEON

WHAT THE FAMOUS EXPLORER FAILED TO FIND IN FLORIDA.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH wasn't the only thing that Ponce de Leon failed to find when he browsed around St. Augustine, Florida. The delicious egg dish which bears his name, although credited to him by some natives of the sunshine peninsula, probably came much later. Just when it was created has been lost in the annals of culinary history. Its recipe, however, was not. Here is the way it is prepared:

Half dozen hard boiled eggs
2 cups tomato juice
½ cup chopped celery. The same of mushrooms
¼ cup chopped green peppers
1 tablespoon flour
The same of butter
½ diced onion
½ teaspoon of worcestershire sauce
½ cup white sauce, salt and pepper.

Mash the egg yolks and chop the whites. Brown onion in butter, adding the flour and mixing. Now add peppers and tomato juice, cooking slowly. Add mushrooms, worcestershire sauce and seasoning.

Next add the white sauce, egg yolks and chopped egg whites. Place in buttered casserole. Sprinkle with cracker crumbs, a bit of butter and brown in the oven. The resulting delicious dish should be served hot.

Pepys in Charles II.'s time served a barrel of oysters, ozen's tongues and anchovies to breakfast guests.

THE CREOLES HAD A WORD FOR IT.

WHENEVER there is cold mutton, veal or chicken left over from a Sunday dinner, Louisiana cooks think of one word, "Jambalayah!" In the magic of that name are the tasty fixin's for a delicious Monday dinner. Here is the way it is prepared, according to an old Creole recipe:

1½ cups of cold veal, mutton or chicken
1 cup of boiled rice
3 stalks of celery
¼ green pepper
1 large onion
1½ cups stewed tomatoes (fresh or canned)
Salt, pepper, buttered crumbs

First mix together the chicken (or veal meat), rice and tomatoes, allowing them to cook for ten minutes. Then add the chopped onion, celery and green pepper.

Place the mixture in a baking dish. Cover with buttered crumbs. Bake for one hour in moderate hot oven at about 350 degrees. Jambalayah should be served piping hot.

SEND IN YOUR RECIPE—YOU MAY WIN $5.00

The American Weekly will pay $5.00 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page. Here is a chance for housewives throughout the land to turn their culinary skill, experience and ingenuity into profit.

There is no restriction on the kind of recipe to be submitted except that it must be original. Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to give your name and address.

Send your recipe to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, 235 East 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

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THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of The American Weekly. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting.

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Suggestions for a Small Dinner Party

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

FOLLOWING the suggestions made in a recent issue, we are including a number of recipes that may be used for a small company dinner. Use the best material available, depending upon good quality, especially in hot weather. Interesting combinations for every-day foods add zest to a menu.

Jellied Madrilene.

MADRILENE is the name of a clear soup that is made by many leading soup manufacturers. It is surprisingly good when served in congealed form with salty crackers. Place the cans in the refrigerator two or three days before the soup is to be served. The soup will be congealed when the cans are opened. Open just before serving time and turn into chilled cups. Serve immediately.

Creme de Menthe Apples.

BOIL 3 cups sugar with 1½ cups water, a bit of green vegetable coloring and a sprig of mint or a little creme de menthe extract to taste. Add a dozen peeled and cored apples and cook gently until apples are tender but not mushy. Chill. Serve on crisp lettuce with or without salad dressing.

Mint Ice Cream in Cantaloup or Honeydew Rings.

HAVE ready as many cantaloup or honeydew rings as you need. Fill the center of each ring with mint ice cream and garnish with crisp mint leaves. Serve immediately.

French Artichokes With Mousselaine Sauce.

REMOVE outside bottom leaves and cut off stem ends from 1 dozen French artichokes. Soak upside-down in cold salted or acidulated water for ½ hour. Drain and cook 40 minutes, or until tender, in boiling salted water with 2 tablespoons vinegar. Drain, remove choke (the thistle-like part in the center). Serve with quick mousselaine sauce separately, dipping the thick end of each leaf in the sauce as it is eaten. To make the quick mousselaine sauce: Wash ½ cup butter and melt over hot water. Beat 2 egg yolks, until light, with 1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar, then add butter gradually, beating constantly. Season with a few grains pepper, ¼ teaspoon salt and a little cayenne. Stir over hot water with wire whisk, fold in ½ cup cream beaten stiff, and serve immediately.

Luncheon Salad.

SHRED crisp endive and chill in ice-water. Arrange chilled drained romaine on cold salad plates. On each plate, place two or three thick slices of firm ripe tomato and lightly pile the chilled and drained endive on top. Serve with well-seasoned French dressing.

Broiled Young Duck.

SPLIT and remove rib bones and excess fat from duckling, wipe with clean damp cloth, sprinkle with salt and pepper and place on greased broiler. Cook in broiler for 10 minutes, then bake in oven until tender and well cooked (about ½ hour). Remove to platter and brush with melted butter. Garnish with hot parsley or cress fritters and sliced fresh or preserved oranges, and serve with orange and olive sauce.

Parsley Fritters.

MIX and sift 1½ cups flour and ¾ teaspoon salt. Add gradually 1 cup milk, 3 egg yolks beaten until thick, 1½ tablespoons melted butter or shortening and fold in 3 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Dip small branches of watercress or parsley into the batter and fry in hot deep fat.

Olive and Orange Sauce.

MIX 6 tablespoons cornstarch with 6 tablespoons cold water, add to liquid from pan in which duck was broiled with sufficient hot water to make 2 cups, and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Cook over hot water 5 or 10 minutes. Add 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, a few grains cayenne, 1½ cups orange juice, 6 tablespoons finely-shaved thin yellow orange rind and 2 dozen finely-sliced olives.

Maple Charlotte.

SCALD 1 quart rich milk in top of double boiler and pour it slowly over 4 beaten egg yolks. Cook over hot water 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add 4 tablespoons granulated gelatin which has been soaked for 5 minutes in 4 tablespoons cold milk. Add ¼ teaspoon salt. Remove from heat and add 1 pint maple syrup. Cool, and, when mixture begins to congeal, add 1 cup finely-shredded blanched almonds, a few drops of almond extract, and 4 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Turn into cold wet individual molds and chill in refrigerator. Serve with whipped cream.

Lazy Day Sherbet.

BOIL 1½ quarts water or scald 1½ quarts milk with 3 cups sugar for 5 minutes. Add 1½ cups fruit pulp or juice, cool and freeze to mush. Add 4 to 6 stiffly-beaten egg whites and finish freezing.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***
Grapefruit, Cereal, Cheese Toast, Marmalade, Milk or Coffee.	Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Raw Potato Pancakes, Bacon, Coffee.	Cantaloup, Whole Grain Cereal, Soft-Cooked Eggs, Cheese Muffins, Coffee.	Prunes or Plums, Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Coffee Substitute.	Yellow or Red Tomato Juice or Berries, Cereal, Rolled Omelets, Melba Toast, Coffee.	Currant Juice, Cereal, Fried Apple Rings, Bacongued Muffins, Milk or Coffee.	Grapefruit or Orange Juice, Cereal, Huckleberry Griddle Cakes, Unsalted Butter, Coffee Substitute.
Luncheon	***Luncheon***	***Luncheon***	***Luncheon***	***Luncheon***	***Luncheon***	***Dinner***
Puffy Omelet with Tomato or Crab Flakes, Sour Cream Biscuits, Tomato Salad with Olives Dressing.	Baked Summer Squash (Stuffed with Left-Over-Meat), Jellied Beet Salad, Salad Dressing, Toasted Left-Over Cheese Muffins, Frosted Cocoa.	Eggplant au Gratin, Cucumber Salad, French Rolls, Strawberry Cream Frappe.	Sardine Canapes, Pan-Fried Kernels of Pork with Red Cherries, Mashed Potatoes, Glazed or Creamed Onions, Economy Vegetable Salad (Left-Overs), Half-Frozen Crushed Pineapple in Cantaloup.	Tomato Cheese Souffle or Toast or Baked Corn Custard, Cucumber Salad, Salad Dressing, Chocolate Tea Squares, Iced Tea.	Stuffed Egg Garnish, Rolled Cress Sandwiches, Rolled Carrot Sandwiches, Spiced Peach Pickles, Assorted Fresh Fruits in Compote, Honey Cakes, Iced Coffee.	Tomato Juice Frappe, Cold Boiled or Baked Ham or Picnic Roast, Steamed Stuffed Apples, New Potatoes with Lemon Juice, Corn and Lima Beans, Celery Curls, Julienne Raw Carrots, Delicious Ice Cream Pie, Half Cups Coffee.
Dinner	***Dinner***	***Dinner***	***Dinner***	***Dinner***	***Dinner***	***Supper***
Ginger Ale Cocktail, Browned Beef Cakes, Brown Gravy, Beet Greens with Home-Grown Caraway Seeds, Delmonico Potatoes, Peach Cobbler with Raspberry Sauce.	Cantaloup, Iced Tea.	Jellied Madrilene, Tripe Fried in Batter, Baked Stuffed Tomatoes, Chiffonade Green Salad, Rainbow Ice-Box Cake.	Fruit Cocktail, Savory Ham in Noodle or Rice Ring, Green Peas with Asparagus Tips, Tomato Salad, French Dressing, Sour Cream Pie or Green Apple Pie.	Frosted Fruit Juice Cocktail, Broiled Fish, Lemon Cups, Cold Molded Spinach Ring with Mixed Vegetable Salad Center, Chili Sauce and Watercress French Dressing, Peach Shortcake.	Fried Chicken, Lima Beans or Minted Green Peas, Cole Slaw with Minced Apple and Banana, Fruit Parfait	Toasted Peanut Butter Sandwiches, Economy Salad (Left-Overs), Frosted Mint Punch, Hermits.

PORTALS OF ILLUSION

No. 10—The Face of Quetzal

(Continued from Page 15)

eyes were wide-open, were looking at him, yet were fixed and dilated as though she saw into the distance.

"You have given more and more victims to the altar of sacrifice," she went on, and her voice was no longer sweet, but accusing. "Your bloody and despotic cruelty is all in vain, Montesuma, my brother. You shall perish. With you all our people, our whole race, shall perish: our cities shall be destroyed, and the false children of Quetzal shall take over our entire land, and our very name shall vanish forever. This is what I have come back to tell you. Go!"

A hoarse, inarticulate croak broke from him. It ended in a low groan, and, turning, he fled in stark terror. Seeing him thus fly, those who remained of the guards promptly took to their heels as well, and shouts of fear went ringing down the garden ways.

From the opening behind Papantzin hastily issued the figure of a man, bow in hand. It was the high priest of Quetzal. He went to the torches, flung them down, stamped them out. The scene was lit only by the red flames in the sky above the Smoking Hill. He came swiftly to Papantzin and caught her in his arms, and she clung to him.

"Quickly, my dear, quickly!" His voice was urgent. "You've wakened from the sacred drug, but sleep will come back upon you—come quickly! A boat is waiting at the shore. We'll leave this accursed place, go into the far mountains, hide ourselves from all the world and seek happiness and peace in a new life —come along!"

His arm supported her. Together, they moved away and melted into the darkness beneath the trees, and were gone.

TAMYRA opened her eyes; the spell was lifted.

She looked around at the Jeweler, at the intent, vindictive, vulpine features of Hubert Harold. Her gaze lingered upon him for one surprised moment, catching there the same cruel look that had been in the face of Montezuma, the emperor.

"Well?" he demanded eagerly, and the flash of his eyes reminded her again of the dark eyes of the Lord of Anahuac. "Well? Can you tell whether the Face of Quetzal has ever been kept in this jewel casket?"

She glanced at the box. She looked down at the Face of Quetzal in her two hands, and it seemed to her that the Face looked back, probing, enigmatic, almost smiling.

What lay behind all this? She did not know, but she could sense that it was some domestic entanglement; her decision could bring malignant gloating into the face of this unloved man, and despair into the fluttering heart of his victim.

"Yes?" she said, and put the Face of Quetzal back into its morocco case. "Yes, I'm sure that I can tell you. This turquoise has a remarkable personality, a projected and prolonged personality."

"Ah!" exclaimed Harold excultantly. "I knew it! Vibrations, eh?"

Vibrations? Tamyra's eyes held a wondering scorn in their blue depths, and she saw the lips of the Jeweler twitch. Vibrations? There was more than this to the singular influence of the Face of Quetzal; the mere word "vibrations" did not encompass the power of that stone countenance, the mysterious thoughts that were born of it, the impulses that flowed from it.

Harold hurriedly, eagerly, took hold of the carved wood casket and slid it along the table to her.

"Here you are!" He mouthed the words with vicious hate. "Now! All I want to know is whether the Face has been kept in this box or not!"

Tamyra took the carved wood box between her hands. Then a shock went through her.

For, in this instant, her gaze fell upon the features of Mrs. Harold. In that gentle, tender face she read a frightful tension, in the soft eyes she read a terrible and desperate appeal, a prayer. But it was not this that struck through Tamyra's consciousness like a knife.

The face of this woman was that of Papantzin the Beloved!

Tamyra closed her eyes. She did not know, she would never know, what drama lay behind this tension and these fixed, breathless faces, but she knew that just now she had looked into the eyes, the very eyes, of Papantzin, the princess of that strange vision of Anahuac.

The carved wood beneath her hands spoke to her. She could faintly sense the same indefinable something that had come to her from the Face of Quetzal. She was quite certain of it.

"Well?" urged the voice of Harold greedily. "The jewel has been kept in that box?"

Tamyra opened her eyes. She met the gaze of Mrs. Harold. In that intent, desperate gaze she read dissent. She caught a slight, frantic gesture of dissent. And of a sudden she comprehended the look of prayer and appeal in the face of this other woman.

"No," she said in her calm, poised, matter-of-fact way. "The turquoise has never been in this box, Mr. Harold, I'm certain. I'd have known it instantly."

There was a moment of silence. The eyes of the woman filled with incredulous, wild relief. The man's vulpine face showed dismay and consternation. But, lying in its open morocco case, the Face of Quetzal seemed to bear a slight, enigmatic smile.

Later, as the two of them were riding home, the Jeweler spoke musingly.

"My dear, I have an unpleasant conviction that your response to Harold was a lie."

Tamyra nodded brightly. "It was."

"Then you recognized the jewel-case?"

"I? Of course not! I never saw it before! Did you?"

"Yes. It belonged to Mowbray, the sportsman - collector who was killed in an auto accident a month or two ago. It was auctioned with his effects at the Art Galleries last week. Harold bought it in. You see, Harold was in India all last winter, for three months; Mrs. Harold remained here. Probably Harold suspected that, while he was away, the Face of Quetzal had been in Mowbray's possession."

"But why?" queried Tamyra. "Would Mrs. Harold have lent it to Mowbray?"

The Jeweler smiled slightly. "Mowbray was the man she really loved, my dear. You told a blessed lie."

The End.

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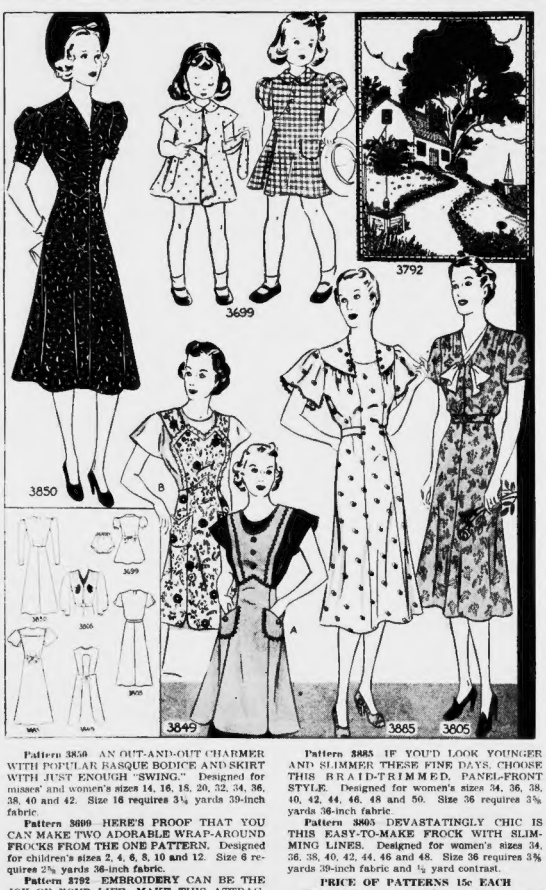
American Weekly Patterns



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